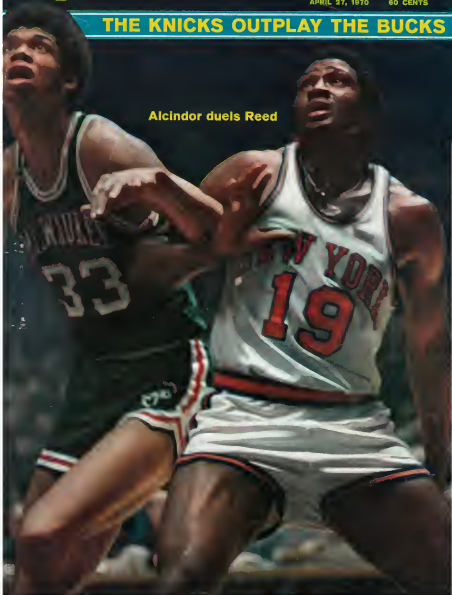


Sports Illustrated

APRIL 27, 1970 60 CENTS

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You'll see.

CHEVROLET



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Next week

THE HOCKEY WAR between Boston and Chicago gets Bobby Orr vs. Bobby Hull—in a clash of superstars for the last Stanley Cup title Gary Rosenberg tells the story.

SOCCER IN NICARAGUA? Well, stop it O.K. if it is promoted by former Phillies Owner Bill Cox, whose hits and misses in the world of sports are described by Garry Brown.

A SEARCH for America is undertaken, in a low-key way, by John Underwood, who discovers some small truths while observing sport and life in four of our country's small towns.

TV TALK

Suiting itself to the elegant setting, CBS did a stately job with the Masters

Golf is inherently dull," said Frank Chirkinian, the lucky Armenian of golf television, as he went out the door. So I expected his work for CBS on the Masters last week to be a riot of split screens, cut-ins, fold-ins and all the little tricks that can be used to liven up the ritual.

What we got was some of the purest sports direction going, with the golf doing all the talking. I counted three split screens on Fat Sunday and only one (a double of Gary Player) that could pass for tricks. Nor were there any little circles containing enlarged head of golfer bent over putt, or any "look at those lips" instructional filler.

Even the announcing was Spartan. If the commentators had talked to the golfers over breakfast, they kept it sternly to themselves. There was no folksy stuff about wives, no promotional stuff about country clubs, just the hole and nothing but the hole: how it played yesterday and how it looks today. Hennes ("Very challenging, indeed").

It isn't every tournament that would yield to these dusty tactics. You would die of melancholy if the Okelenekee Open were treated so perfunctorily. But the beauty of the Augusta National course, and the preternatural dignity of the event, produce a rare mellow news, like hoisting on the Thames in your straw hat. And when the old golfers in their green coats wolf up precious commercial time after the match congratulating each other and praising their own tournament to distraction, it does not, as you would expect, bore the beatholders out of you, but tells you instead with a deep, daisy peace. The stiffness of the Masters Committee members and their integrity are inseparable, and the aristocratic, good taste of the broadcasting is partly their doing—right down to approval of the camera placements and the rationing of commercials.

On the execution side, CBS had a pretty good tournament. Saturday was slapdash, with less time and more players to worry about, and in the confusion Casper was referred to as Player at the 17th—a tribute, I suppose, to our most anonymous superstar. But Sunday was something else.

Chirkinian is ruthless about sticking to the leaders, and the tournament played into his hands by hitching them together. The result was a broadcaster's dream: a story, rather than random notes for one. At that, some key shots at 14 were missed and an important drive by Littler was fluffed by a meaningless punt of Nicklaus'—a rare lapse into Watch-the-Celebrity.

I mention these slips in no spirit of reusing, but to indicate the near impossibility

of perfection in this form. The director has 20-plus cameras to nurse, all of which may be blank of interest at one moment, fill the next. The announcers often work half blind, relying on bush telegraph and small black-and-white monitors that scarcely know rough from fairway and that have a fiendish capacity for picking up glare. This accounts for such things as announcers sometimes saying, in moments of panic, "We're told he's putting his wood back, when it is there for all to see—there is no 'told' about it."

On a scorecard of key shots brought back alive, CBS totaled high. Its coverage so many holes—13 through 18—they were able to dispense with the gram stream of losers holding out, which so often hinders the first half hour of TV golf. Chirkinian hines the losers without it trace; you don't even know they were there. On the vexed question of commentary, he has hired six mixed voices, which does not necessarily make what they say more interesting, but does make them easier to put up with. It is nice to hear England's Hennes Longhurst talking about a "malist bit of hole stuff" that the ball has landed in. And Bob Ferrier's hurr on 13 suggests that there should always be at least one Scottishman along.

The Masters is CBS's only golf tournament until August and they treat it like the opening of Parliament. But there is another approach to live golf television, and it, too, merits study. ABC has a bigger bag and a different attitude. Because they will do 13 tournaments this year, a sustained personal interest in the players is vital. At the recent Jacksonville Open, I watched Bill Flemming (crumpling yards of interview tape) on the chance that a scrap of color would shake loose. ABC likes to break the weekly monotony with splits and inserts. They also run swings in slow motion for the self-improvement crowd, and inevitably a couple of chip-shot commentaries from papa bear Brian Nelson. The result is lively but less concentrated than a Masters show.

Both networks agree that no one wants a game of putt-putt, and that following the ball in the air is a waste of time. In fact, Chuck Howard of ABC and Frank Chirkinian share many of the same principles, almost word for word. But style is created by deviations from principle and there are some interesting ones. It might be worth taking a closer look at ABC's methods when they do the U.S. Open in June and are faced with a special occasion of their own. Meanwhile, their regular work should be viewed as part of a series, promoting golf in general and the PGA tour in particular, halfway between a stagger news event like the Masters and an outright entertainment show like the CBS Golf Classic. The Masters, of course, promotes nothing but its own celestial sell.

—WILLIAM SHARP

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BOOKTALK

Airplanes and Aqua-Lungs add sporting zest to the adventures of archaeology

Of all the scholarly sciences none holds a closer kinship to sport than the study of archaeology. This was true even when archaeological research was restricted to land-based digs, for the research was always undertaken in the atmosphere and spirit of safari. The diggers themselves needed the skills and disciplines of the carter and the outdoorsman to succeed, and their preoccupation was close to that of the huntsman on the track of an elusive quarry.

Today, thanks to technological advances that both have exploded and enjoyed in their own way, archaeology and sport have come even closer together. This is made eminently clear in two new books about recent trends in archaeological research, both written for the armchair archaeologist or the lazy layman but filled with enough sense of adventure and the excitement of the chase to delight any sportsman.

One of these books is Leo Deuel's *Flights into Yesterday* (St. Martin's Press, New York, \$8.95), which recounts the comparatively short history of airborne archaeology, a subscience that was born during World War I when the earliest birdmen found they could see things plainly from the air that no landbound scholar would ever notice: a clear view, despite the accumulated camouflage of ages, for instance, of "an entire city crisscrossed by streets or canals and peering out into the desert."

The most striking find of all aerial archaeology is reproduced on the jacket of Deuel's book in a picture of one of the huge sand drawings of Peru's Nazca Desert. It shows a vivid representation of a monkey, 150 yards tall, drawn in sand and pebbles centuries ago and, up to recently, visible in comprehensible form if they were able to comprehend it) only to high flying birds. For years landbound explorers presumed that the wide lines of the monkey's limbs and tail were canals or roads built by some ancient engineers. What a thing to come across in an afternoon's joyride in your sporty little Piper Cub!

The other book, which may lure even more sportsmen into the field, is Peter Throckmorton's *Shipwrecks and Archaeology* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$6.95), a fascinating account of maritime archaeology by one of its pioneer practitioners. The study of sunken ships grew up with the hobby of scuba diving and is largely dependent on that sport's principal tool: the Aqua-Lung. Many of its early followers were purely recreational divers, who started out searching for old wrecks for fun or treasure and came back to them as serious students

Of all the ways to study past civilizations none is perhaps sicker than the investigation of a sunken ship, for everything aboard on the day she foundered is likely to be an object of current use, there are no accumulated layers to confuse the dater. The trick, however, is to find the ship and her cargo and to find them in a reasonable state of preservation.

If a doomed vessel is lucky enough (from the archaeologist's point of view) to go down to a soft bottom and be covered promptly with an ooze of mud she may last for centuries virtually intact. If, on the other hand, she lights on a hard bottom, to be buffeted and bashed by restless currents, nibbled on by hungry sea creatures and electrolytic chemicals, she may leave behind only a shadowy skeleton of herself.

Going after such a ship from the starting point of some record in a maritime library makes a fascinating game in itself. "If we know what the ship was made of," writes Throckmorton, a research associate at the University of Pennsylvania, "what kind of water she sank in, and what kind of bed awaited her, we can more or less predict the course of her life-in-death." But such things are usually hard to know, and the investigation of them makes for eerie and sometimes heart-stopping adventure.

For the archaeologist with zest there is virtually no limit to the quarry available. In the single small span of five years, from 1864 to 1869, for instance, 10,000 sailing ships insured by British companies were lost at sea—and that was in the days when Britain and presumably Britain's sailors claimed they ruled the waves.

Even today great vessels like the *Andrea Doria*, sailing serenely in mid-ocean, can take a complete record of 20th-century culture—and 20th century navigational aids—to the bottom in a surprise package for some archaeologist of the future. Before the days of sonar and radar and satellite navigation a single treacherous reef or rock could claim ship after ship over centuries. "A good example of this," writes Throckmorton, "is at Yassi Ada, a small island between Kos and Kalymnos and Bodrum off the Turkish mainland, where we found more than fifteen wrecks. The earliest was a ship of the third century B.C. The collection on the reef includes a Byzantine coastal trader, a big cargo ship from Rhodes of the first century A.D., a nineteenth-century warship and a local sailing calque that sank in the 1930s."

Dr. Throckmorton is unhappy about the vast numbers of untrained explorers who charge into such treasure houses with bull-in-china-shop clumsiness to disturb valuable finds and to upset history before the scholars can swim down to record it. Despite his stern admonishments, however, his absorbing book is not likely to keep them away. Quite, one suspects, the opposite.

—R. S. HEWLETT

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SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

HORSEPLAY WITH THE PURSES

Desperate for money to fill potholes in its streets and collect the garbage that piles up in them, New York City is on the verge of turning to legalized off-track betting as a source of funds. It is a move that is deeply disturbing to most of the horse racing fraternity, who fear that reduced attendance at the tracks, and therefore lower purses, will result.

Stable owners have been talking about this informally (and angrily, because they have not been consulted). Better horses, attracted by better purses, they feel, will run at Maryland and New Jersey tracks, and the quality of New York racing will thereby deteriorate. They have not been officially told what percentage, if any, of the city's take will be fed back to the tracks, already gouged heavily by the state, to maintain attractive racing, and they have about as much confidence in political promises to give the horsemen a fair shake as they have in political promises to reduce spending and cut taxes.

In all fairness to a fine sport, Mayor John V. Lindsay should consider his moral obligation to contribute substantially to the game he wants to tax. In the long run, taking and not giving will prove to be bad business as well as unjust.

THE SPORT OF POLITICS

Everyone expects anti-apartheid demonstrations to take place in the United Kingdom this summer, when the South African cricket team begins its tour on June 6. Now, on a news interview TV program, Prime Minister Harold Wilson has endorsed the demonstrations though cautioning against violence or such sneaky practices as shining a mirror in a South African batsman's eyes.

Well, a general election is coming up soon and Conservative opponents of Wilson's Labor government were quick to respond. Said Peter Hordern, Conservative M.P., "Is this not as near incitement to trouble and interference with

the peaceful enjoyment of millions of people as it is possible to find?"

And Ronald Bell, Conservative M.P., had this to say: "I do not question his sincerity for a moment but I question his sanity."

POLICE ON THE PISTE

When the world's first teleferic, the Agnille du Midi, was finished in 1924 a French writer named Boursseiller reflected the opinion of his day when he declared that "ordinary people are very cautious and they'll never launch themselves down icy slopes at 30 miles an hour, off balance on two wooden planks. Man is not a chamois!"

Neither was Boursseiller a prophet. Less than half a century later there are so many human chamois on the pistes that Alpine experts talk seriously of installing traffic signals, stop signs and speed limits. And "off balance" skiers are provoking so many accidents that there's even more serious talk about having gendarmes police the piste.

Indeed, the Italians are already doing that. Their ski police give skiers tickets for "traffic violations."

The Italians may have grown accustomed to being policed in the two millennia between Caesar and Mussolini, but if there's one thing 50 million Frenchmen agree on, it's their hatred of cops.

"When I hear the words 'ski traffic code,'" says Paul Moranne, head of the law committee of the International Ski Federation, "I always shudder. I see in the distance the kept of the gendarme, and I hear his whistle. Ah, non, pas cela!"

Dominique Delafon, a 28-year-old Grenoble lawyer and crack skier, studied 300 cases involving ski accidents for his doctoral thesis and has just published *Ski, Law and Liability*.

"I discovered that from the beginning of skiing until around 1960," says Delafon, "the courts felt anyone who went skiing accepted the risks. Very rarely did judges convict a skier for bumping into another skier." One judge referred

to crowded skiing conditions as "the most amiable of anachronisms."

All that has been reversed in the past decade, Delafon says. French courts have decided that the skier higher up on the slope has a responsibility to avoid a skier lower down. They take into consideration such questions as whether a skier was tackling a slope beyond his competence, and so on. All French cops can do at the moment is take notes and interview eyewitnesses but, adds Delafon, "The day gendarmes are permitted to give skiers tickets, there's going to be trouble on French slopes."

"In five or ten years," he concluded, "there will be so many skiers on the piste that we'll have to have a ski traffic code. And how can you enforce it without gendarmes?"

ONE HIT, PLENTY ERRORS

An inquiring reporter for *The Barringtonian*, a student publication of Barrington (R.I.) College, circulated among girl students on campus asking questions about baseball. Answers were enlightening:

Q. What is a balk?

A. The ball tips the bat

Q. What is the cleanup man?

A. He sweeps the plate.



Q. What is a passed ball?

A. In the outfield when the ball goes over your head.

Q. What is the infield fly rule?

A. Catcher has to catch a ball hit into the infield.

Continued

Q. What is a full count?

A. The attendance in the stadium.

Q. Who won the World Series last year?

And, by George (Herman Ruth, that is), a whopping 43% of the girls knew it was the Mets.

SISTERSVILLE BLOWS ITS MIND

The fourth annual Tootenanny, which is a kind of exercise in the appreciation of steam whistles, will be held this year on June 6 at Sistersville, W. Va., under auspices of the Sons and Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen and with the cooperation of Union Carbide's Sistersville plant, which will supply the steam. Some whistles require 80 to 300 pounds of pressure.

The whistles come from collectors and museums around the country. Last year's whistle blow attracted more than 500 fans from 19 states and Canada. Largest whistle ever blown at a Tootenanny once adorned the *Sprague*, the biggest towboat ever to operate on the Western River system. The *Sprague's* whistle weighs 480 pounds, and the boat itself was 285 feet long and 65 feet wide. The Lunkenheimer Company of Cincinnati, which still makes steam whistles, promises to send one this year that will "strip the leaves from trees a half mile away."

One of the more prominent collectors, John Hedge of Plainview, Texas, has agreed to bring 15 whistles, 12 of them from riverboats and ships, the rest from locomotives. One of his prizes is a whistle from a locomotive used to help build the Panama Canal. Another, a mall whistle from Greenwood, Miss., was so loud that townspeople demanded it be silenced.

TAX AND DESTROY

The Canadian government has made public some proposals dealing with tax reforms, among them a government crackdown on expense-account entertainment. The owners of the Montreal Canadiens and the Toronto Maple Leafs thereupon warned a startled Canadian Senate committee that such a crackdown could destroy the two Canadian-based members of the National Hockey League. To deny entertainment expenses as an income-tax deduction for businesses, they observed, would cut drastically into season-ticket sales, reduce profits and probably force the clubs to sell out to U.S. interests.

In fact, said George Mara, president of Maple Leaf Gardens, Ltd. (Toronto), not just NHL hockey but organized amateur hockey as well would disappear.

Season-ticket purchases by corporations, Mara said, account for 55% of Gardens revenue, or \$2,440,000. Season tickets to an eight-seat box in the Gardens cost \$6,000.

J. D. Molson, president of Canadian Arena Co. of Montreal, owner of the Forum and the Canadiens, said all but 1,000 of the Forum's 16,500 seats are held by season subscribers.

"On balance," he said, "it would seem to be questionable whether equity would really be served if hockey, in particular, and the sports industry, in general, were destroyed."

Amen.

SERMON ON THE THAMES

Commander Gerald Forsberg, who keeps an eye on such matters, reports in *The Swimming Times*, a British publication, that 15 persons swam the English Channel last year, then adds:

"Be warned! The London School of Physics team insisted on swimming in May Water 48°F. First man completed his hour—on which congratulations. Second man swam for 47 minutes and collapsed. Tragedy averted by the official observer (Peter Frayne) going overboard fully booted and spurred. Swam was to raise money for unmarried mothers. Note that it was not successful. Virtue still remains the best course—as it ever will be."

THE FOXBORO PATRIOTS'77

The pretty little town of Foxboro, Mass., clearly reveals its colonial background. At its center is an oval-shaped common, complete with bandstand. There is a graveyard in front of the Historical Society's building.

Foxboro held a town meeting the other night. As a result, it is now on its way to becoming the smallest town in the National Football League, as home of the Boston Patriots, who have been trying frantically to find a stadium site in Boston while making do with totally inadequate Fenway Park and Boston College's Alumni Field. Green Bay's population is 84,000, Foxboro's 14,800.

E. M. Loew, Boston theater owner and president of a harness track (Bay State Raceway) that will abut the new

stadium, donated a 30-acre site for the Patriots' home-to-be.

The town meeting, called when Billy Sullivan, Patriot president, declared that Foxboro was his first choice, attracted 1,936 of the town's 5,300 registered voters, plus 400 nonvoters. Previous high for a town meeting, 900. The crowd filled the high school gym and overflowed into the auditorium and cafeteria. It cheered all favorable speeches, scarcely listened to anything else.

On the favorable side was the fact that Loew's land had been assessed at \$6,000, taxed at \$252 yearly. The Patriots, would give Foxboro 25¢ for each ticket sold, with a minimum of \$25,000 yearly up to a maximum of \$100,000. New England Yankees understood that kind of proposition.

One rather prim-looking woman did caution against "this glitter that looks like gold" and a white-haired gentleman in dark plaid shirt and tie warned that the stadium might someday be used for jazz festivals, "making it a hippie haven." But that was about all. The stadium carried, 1,852 to 84.

Foxboro looks like a good choice for a site. It is just a 30-minute drive from Boston, 25 minutes from Providence, and 40 from Worcester. The bowl-shaped stadium will seat 57,000, have artificial turf, be used for football only and might be ready for the 1978 season. Foxboro will be ready, too.

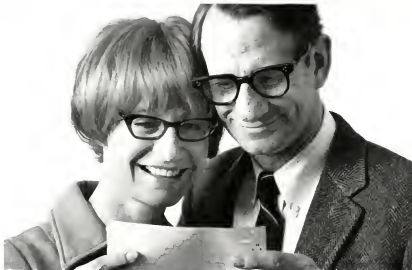
THEY SAID IT

• Bill Vecek, president of New England's Suffolk Downs racetrack, on his ill-fated attempt to admit minors to the track: "Don't get me wrong. I don't want school kids skipping school and bringing their lunch money to bet. I'd just like them to take a look at what we've got to offer, judge it and if they don't like it, move on to something else—baseball, maybe?"

• Chris Chi Rodriguez, during the first round of the Masters: "I have 13 dependents. All of them have 140 IQ or better except me. I'm under 100 and I support them all."

• Vince Lombardi, coach of the Washington Redskins, asked what he would do if the Women's Liberation Movement made pro football demands for equal treatment: "With today's football, they'd have to be 6' 4" and weigh over 260. I don't see any women admitting to that."

END



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THE KNICKS DRIVE IN HIGH

By himself, Lew Alcindor could not stop New York's surge into the final round in pursuit of its first NBA championship **by FRANK DEFORD**

At last the NBA gave us that long-awaited confrontation between a picture and a thousand words. The picture was Lew Alcindor, thrust above the court (*see cover*), indelibly majestic. The thousand words were the New York Knicks, darlings of the national media, the all-purpose shield with which the nation's book publishing business is planning to protect itself against economic depression. Authors shadow the Knicks like groupies. The team, the scene, the coach and several of the players all will soon be between covers. At least five biographers stand panting in line for the chance to do Willis Reed.

It was, above all, a boon to the nation's mental health that the Knicks beat Alcindor and the Milwaukee Bucks four games to one to take their first Eastern Division title in 16 years, for if the entire literate population of America is obliged to read all these books about *defeat* in the next few months, that will surely set us back farther than the Tet offensive. The Knicks, love them or leave them.

Reed, done with muscling against Wes Unseld of Baltimore and reaching against Alcindor, now must face an older adversary. "Wilt," he mused, when that faced him at last. "Gee, I haven't seen him in a long time."

Chamberlain and the Lakers, finding themselves just in time against Phoenix, swept the last three in that series and four straight against Atlanta. The Hawks suddenly lost it all midway in the first game—when they were 16 ahead—and L.A. went on to make the finals for the seventh time in the last nine years.

New York moved into the championship bracket by winning at home Monday night. The series was, essentially, clinched the day before when the Knicks won in Milwaukee behind some nearly unbelievable outside shooting. They made 17 of 31 long shots in the first half, faltered when Milwaukee made an exciting run in the third quarter and then came back in the last period to hit on 10 out of 15 outside attempts.

Milwaukee, an abject failure in this department throughout the series, was never worse than in this game. Basketball is supposed to be a jump-shot game; it took the Bucks 19 minutes before they made anything longer than an Alcindor hook shot. Don't let anyone tell you there is no room today for a good little man in the pro league. After this series Calvin Murphy could have demanded Green Bay as a bonus.

The series opened in Madison Square Garden surrounded by the frenzy that always attends the Knicks now, so that

the Ringling Brothers circus rigging that hung suspended above the court seemed in character. (The circus was playing the Garden between basketball games.) The Persian market air outside the building is fading, however, to the dismay of scalpers, who have had to unload tickets below cost at times recently. The Garden's cable TV arrangement is one factor. As in the old days, when guys started showing up at TV bars at 4 in the afternoon on Tuesdays to get a seat for Uncle Miltie, saloons with cable television are filling up well in advance of the games.

Also, in a city where the blood of Ratto Rizzo, from *Midnight Cowboy*, courses in every survivor, the straights are learning how to beat the scalpers at their own hustle. Like Civil War draftees, fans are hiring substitutes to stand in the long ticket lines for them. To obtain their tickets four Knick buffs—two lawyers, a furniture broker and a sometime playwright—called up an extra-help employment agency. The four stand-ins they hired come high in New York—around four bucks an hour—so the total waiting-in-line bill came to just over \$100, \$25 a fan. Since each customer is allowed two seats for the four home games in a Knick playoff series, at \$12.50 tops, that adds up to \$100, plus the \$25 for the guy who stands in line. These fans make that easy (and a profit, too, if they want it) by unloading one or more of their eight seats for a \$25 charge. That often takes only one phone call—to any stiff on an expense account. The next time seats for a Knick playoff go on sale, the only people in line may be scalpers and the friendly men from Manpower, Inc.

continued

Here straining to get by Len Chappell. Dave DeBusschere also took down key rebounds.





Two who shook rivals repeatedly were the Knicks' Cazzle Russell (above), who came off the bench to shoot amazingly well, and Greg Smith with audacious down-the-lane drives.



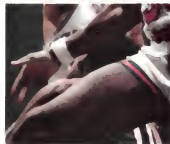
PLAYOFFS *continued*

Buck fans have not attained such levels of sophistication. Milwaukee Arena is about half the size of the Garden, and the polka beer hall by comparison, and the fans are loud and neighborly. They are not unruly or boisterous, but rah-rah—the type, who, if they were automobiles, would all be wearing STP stickers.

With this rabid support in both cities, it was no surprise that the series began with the home teams coming through. The opener was an easy win for New York, and if the results that followed were not always similar, certain patterns quickly became clear. Walt Frazier, concentrating on defense and playmaking, checkmated Flynn Robinson. Robinson had made the All-Star team this year, was the second-leading scorer on the Bucks at 22 points per game and was the best outside threat the Bucks had to take the pressure off Alcindor. But Frazier managed to force Robinson down the right side. "He likes to spin back to the middle," Frazier said, "but he has trouble dribbling to his left." Robinson went scoreless from the floor in the first half of the opener. He sat out the last 18 minutes of the close second game that New York won 112-111, and after that he dropped clear out of the starting lineup. This was a logical move rather than one born of desperation, because Robinson had preceded the Knicks series with a spotty performance against Philadelphia. Besides, his replacement, Fred Crawford, is a longtime New York summer playground teammate of Alcindor's and works well with him. "All New Yorkers play together," Crawford says, smiling for a change. On the court he wears a perpetual look of dismay, as if he is trying to remember where he misplaced something.

It was a courageous shift by Milwaukee Coach Larry Costello, nevertheless, and historically rare. With Crawford in the game even more of the Bucks' offensive burden fell upon Alcindor, because Crawford does not have Robinson's long-range accuracy. However, the action did not turn on a simple duel of Reed vs. Alcindor, although certain members of the New York press put out so much David and Goliath stuff that reprints of *I Samuel 17* in the press room would have been more valuable than statistical summaries. There is still a disposition to deny Alcindor his due. It is only occasionally malicious; mostly it is just a yearning to believe that he

continued



The bending of knees, hip and elbow, the heave and tug in the pivot, the crunch under the boards—all characterized an extremely physical series.



cannot possibly be so overpowering. To some he destroys the well-ordered faith in this carefully constructed game. It is simply not right, they seem to be saying, that this one man—a rookie at that—can often render powerless Willis Reed, the league's MVP, and his entire, magnificent New York basketball machine. But it is so.

The real duel was Knicks vs. Alcindor. Reed, as superb a player as he is, was only the front line. The whole New York team was able to help out on Alcindor, because Robinson was not the only seagoing Of all the Bucks only Bob Dandridge—occasionally—hit from outside. In the first game Milwaukee was stale and immobile as well. Alcindor foolishly persisted in trying to dribble the ball, and literally all five Knicks would swoop down on him. He made 35, his teammates 67, the Knicks 110.

By contrast, the second game was a strongly competitive affair, the Knicks winning mostly because Alcindor missed two free throws with 52 seconds left. And the young Bucks unaccountably allowed the Knicks to hold on to the ball for the last 22 seconds without making a serious effort to foul to get it back.

The Knicks bombed gloriously from outside. Inside, Reed was a master, every bit as effective with the ball as his bigger rival. A powerful man, with a build that belies his quickness, Reed varied his moves every time he came down the court. "As a freshman he was a great mental ballplayer," said his Grambling College coach, Fred Hobdy, after the game. "He had that and the shot then, and now he has learned how to adjust." Reed has developed a shot against Alcindor that seems to clear the tall man's fingertips each time by the exact same impossible amount, perhaps the breadth of a shadow.

On defense Reed was tireless at working to block Alcindor out, to negate him in any way so that the Knick advantages at all other positions would pay off. "Willis is as tough as he is smart," said Hobdy. "I used to turn discipline on the team over to him. He won the NAIA national title when he was a freshman center. He believes in being tough. He'd hit people when they came down the middle." Forcing Alcindor away from the hoop with his

body, Reed opened the way in the first game for Dave DeBusschere to sneak in from the side and take down 16 rebounds. Then, in the close second game, Frazier crashed down the lane from the top of the key to pick off 12. Frazier was helped further in this regard by the fact that the Bucks had to depend on one of their fast forwards—Dandridge or Greg Smith—to guard him, and thus their usual rebounding alignment was out of whack.

This is merely one of the many things Frazier accomplished that were out of the ordinary. His presence on defense caused all sorts of other subtle accommodations, even though, at the behest of Coach Red Holzman, several weeks ago he stopped concentrating on gambling to steal the ball. "His defense is still there," Reed says. "They've all seen it. Now they have to worry just as much about his reputation." This was, of course, the same telling psychological advantage that Bill Russell once enjoyed. In working to shut off the pesky Robinson and set up the Knick offense, Frazier necessarily took much of his game out of the scoring column. Even more was removed by the relentless guarding of Smith or Dandridge—who, Frazier says, "plays me as well as anyone"—but Frazier also found he was coming himself into shooting less. "It's all in the philosophy," he said. "I do think I've passed up shots. I've been trying to figure it out myself." By the third game he was down to trying only seven shots, which was especially low since he had effectively rid himself of having to worry about Robinson and also because the teammates he was feeding suddenly went cold. The other outside starters, DeBusschere, Bill Bradley and Dick Barnett, went nine for 32.

The Bucks won by only 101-96, but they coasted home with a big early lead. Crawford took it to Alcindor from the opening tap, and, perhaps even more important, at last the big man got some outside offensive help. It came from Dandridge, who shot 10 for 15, and it showed how just one single alternative Buck scoring threat could change the drift of the series. "I don't mind Dandridge being as active as that," said DeBusschere, who guards him. "I don't mind myself, but then I can't help Willis out."

To illustrate this point Alcindor got 31 rebounds, while all the Knicks managed 42. He never grabbed that many

before in an NBA game, nor did he in three years at UCLA. By the third game the lines were drawn: not even Alcindor could beat such a finely tuned team as the Knicks by himself.

If there was one single pivotal shot in the series, it came with five minutes left in the third period of the fourth game. The Bucks had come back from being 20 down at the half and were within a basket at 69-67. For once the Knicks appeared to be in disarray. Milwaukee even had a chance to tie, but Robinson forced a bad shot off a drive. New York rushed downcourt, Cazzie Russell sprinting down the left side. At the baseline he cut right. Frazier hit him with a pass and Cazzie tossed it in without a moment's doubt or hesitation. Characteristically, he slapped his hands together, and, he said later, only one thought had crossed his mind: "That's what you're supposed to do." Within seconds and with virtually the same moves, Russell did it again. This time Alcindor had spotted him, but arrived an instant too late. Milwaukee never caught up, the final score was 117-105.

The Western semifinal series was an entirely different affair, Los Angeles taking Atlanta rather easily. If the Lakers were a bit more lovable they might awaken all the motherly affection of American sports fans, just as the Mets did last year. Twice this season, and against the odds, the team has refused to play dead. First there was the regeneration after the loss of Wilt Chamberlain and a chain reaction of injuries to other players. Then, only a fortnight ago, the Lakers were down three games to one to Phoenix in the quarterfinal series. Seven straight victories later they were ready to play for the NBA title.

Against Atlanta, Wilt seemed to recover full confidence in his newly repaired knee. He rebounded effectively, made second and third efforts to block shots and powered his way to the basket on offense. Undoubtedly, the Hawks felt the loss of Wilt Hazzard when the series moved to Los Angeles—he broke a bone in his wrist—but by then they had already lost twice, at home. The Lakers were no longer paties before the Atlanta fast break because of Wilt's rebounding and a more alert defense, and in a deliberate game they were the better team.

The difference in the West: a confident Wilt slams away a shot by Atlanta's Lou Hudson.

FOR MEXICO (AND THE WORLD)

The world title was at stake when Ruben Olivares beat Chucho Castillo, but as far as the bantamweights and their compatriots were concerned the fight decided who was the best little man in Mexico by PAT PUTNAM

The fight didn't go the way anybody figured—except, naturally, Ruben Olivares won, making half of the people and all of the bartenders in Mexico happy. It's just that it took the jaunty little playboy—an undefeated 3-to-1 favorite—the full 15 rounds to defend his world bantamweight title against Chucho Castillo last Saturday night in Los Angeles, and he hasn't had to work that long in one day since he gave up wood carving six years ago. Usually he's on a plane to Acapulco half an hour after the fight starts. He's better than Nembutal. In his 57 fights before Castillo, Olivares had scored 55 knockouts. And yet when it was over Saturday, there was

Castillo, bloodied and gasping, but wide awake. As they read the votes, all for the champion Olivares stared at his fists as though they had betrayed him. "Oh, well," he said. "at least maybe now all of Mexico will accept me as its champion."

World title fight? Ha! That was just the gravy. For Olivares and Castillo, this was to prove who was the No. 1 bantamweight in Mexico, and to them that was much more important. There was a bitterness between them, and it had been building for a long time. "Winning the title is not important," Castillo had said. "The only thing I want to do is beat that loudmouth, that clown. It is what

I live for, what I dream of. Olivares does not deserve to be champion. I am the national champion, and I am the one that Mexican fans want to be the world champion, and I will be."

And that is about all he said before the fight. Castillo is a quiet, moody 25-year-old off the toughest streets of Mexico City. His father, who was killed in a traffic accident three months ago, died out a living selling used clothes from a pushcart. The family lived in a two-room hut. Food was a luxury. Castillo grew up withdrawn, suspicious and angry.

"He was always quiet," said Geromimo Lopez, his manager, "but when his father was killed he became even more so. He is in a very dark mood. He will only talk to me. He has dedicated this fight to the memory of his father."

When Castillo became the champion of Mexico in 1967, Olivares challenged him. Castillo told him that he would have to wait his turn. Finally a fight was set, but when Castillo was given a shot at Lionel Rose's title late in 1968, Olivares was again told to wait. "He knows I'll beat him," said Olivares. When Castillo lost a controversial split decision to Rose, Mexico almost severed relations with Australia. The Mexican fans who were crammed onto The Forum in Los Angeles that night roared for over an hour. "Why all the fuss?" said Olivares. "Rose won. I was surprised the voting was that close." Ruben didn't win any popularity contests in Mexico after that. Then stories circulated that Olivares was paying more attention to tequila than to training, and he became even less popular. Mexicans expect their boxing heroes to become drunks. It's something of a tradition. But they want them to wait until they retire.

When Olivares knocked out Rose to become bantamweight champion last August, he thought all would be forgiven and forgotten. It wasn't. At least half of Mexico was still in Castillo's camp. They demanded a second chance at the title. Rankled, Olivares made Cas-



Undefeated Olivares hooks covered-up Castillo. The champ won on all cards 9-4, 7-6, 10-5

tillo wait while he knocked out British Empire champion, Alan Rudkin last December. Then he agreed to meet Castillo. For the fight he would be paid \$100,000, tying a bantamweight record.

"But it is not for the money," he said. "It is for the pride and respect of my people. That is why I am fighting Castillo." He was serious for a moment, and for him that is a world record. Olivares came off the same tough streets as Castillo, but by a different route. He enjoys life to its fullest, and to find him you have only to follow the laughter. "But don't tell Parnassus what I said about the money," he said. "He might not want to give it to me then."

Parnassus is George Parnassus, the 75-year-old Greek who has become boxing's No. 1 promoter. The Olivares-Castillo fight was the 10th championship he has put on in the last 18 months. "This fight," chorled Parnassus, "will be the greatest in Mexican history." It was suggested that he put it in the 50,000-seat Mexico City bullring. Parnassus said no. For one, the government says you can charge no more than 66¢ for the cheap seats. For two, the government says all fights must be put on free live TV. For three, Los Angeles is second only to Mexico City in Mexican population. Parnassus put the fight into the 18,762-seat Forum and it sold out almost immediately. The gross gate was \$281,840, a California indoor record.

So was Parnassus happy?

"Hell, no," he said. "I could sell 40,000 more seats if I had them. If the weather wasn't so lousy this time of year I would have put it in the Coliseum. And why are the papers turning this into a grudge fight? We don't need that. We're sold out."

The final week before the fight, the Mexican population of Los Angeles almost doubled. Training sessions drew 800 to 1,000. Castillo, a smart boxer-puncher who had seven losses in 39 bouts before Olivares, trained hard, nearly destroying his sparring partners. When he was finished, he would disappear into his room, reappearing only for meals. Olivares trained the way he always trains—lousy, but with a lot of laughs. He has never won a round in a gym. At one press party he showed up in a Beetle wag and oversized sunglasses. It was minutes before anyone discovered he was there. Then, giggling, he said that was what he was going to wear whenever he did any

drinking. At a dinner party he donned a white waiter's coat and went around collecting dollar tips in a large bowl. "He is a press agent's dream," said Bill Kaplan, one of Parnassus' press agents.

"Olivares is making a lot of loud noise," said Juan Jose Torres Landa, "but he is like a man whistling in the graveyard. He is building his courage." Torres is Castillo's lawyer and financial advisor. His father, Juan Jose Torres Landa Sr., former governor of Guanajuato, is one of the richest men in Mexico.

For the Olivares fight Castillo was paid \$30,000. All of it will go into government bonds. Torres has no trouble talking him into saving his money. "My problem is trying to get him to spend a little," he said. "When Chuchito goes someplace with someone, he doesn't expect to buy. He won't even carry money with him. When he came here he had something like eight pesos in his pocket."

Torres sighed. "Ah, this fight is such a big thing for both of these hovers. Whoever loses will never be the same again. Maybe the winner will never be the same. He will be such a big hero in Mexico. It will go to his head. If Chuchito wins, I think he will handle it much better. But Olivares, if he wins I will be afraid for him. And the loser. Nobody knows what will happen to him."

Ah, such a big fight. And, as it turned out, not so great. Castillo came out cautiously and stayed that way. Except for one flurry when he fought his way off the ropes in the third round, he hardly moved forward. But that flurry? A hook and then a right to the chin, so fast and so powerful, and Olivares was down. But he jumped to his feet and took the mandatory eight count that continued after the bell. "That was the only time he hurt me," Olivares said later.

"Hurt him?" wailed Geromimo Lopez. "How could Chuchito hurt him? He never threw any punches. He never threw his right hand. Always he used the right to guard his chin. He was afraid of Olivares' left hook. He'd come back to the corner and I'd beg him to use the right, I'd order him. He'd say yes, I'll do it, but he never did."

And as Castillo remained cautious, defensive, Olivares bored in. In the fourth round he bloodied Castillo's nose, and it bled the rest of the way. "It bothered his breathing quite a bit," said Cuco Conde, the veteran manager who worked



Beate Chuchito helps himself under her.

Castillo's corner. "That one punch didn't look like much, but it might have had a big difference on the outcome. But Chuchito, damn it, why didn't he use his right hand? We begged him."

By the eighth round, Olivares was beginning to trap Castillo on the ropes, and there, inside, the little champion is a master. He never stops punching. "He's a damn machine gun," said Rose after he lost to him.

In the 12th round Olivares almost got his man. A left-right combination to the head and Castillo's knees buckled.

"Right then I was worried," said Conde. "But when Chuchito got to the corner he was fine. There's nothing wrong with that kid's jaw."

There wasn't. Which, no doubt, means a rematch. "And he can have it," said Olivares. "He's a good tough fighter and he gave me my toughest fight." But he has to add, "He was in the supercondition of his life. That's what held him up. And he'll never again be able to get into that kind of condition."

There he goes again

END

MR. O AND THE SACK OF NEW YORK

Bobby Orr of the Bruins left the Rangers in ruins with Stanley Cup play so overwhelming that he resembled a one-man team by MARK MULVOY

The big sports question at the Colonial Country Club near Boston last Friday was this: Would Bobby Orr develop a case of the yips at the 17th green, miss his sidhill seven-foot par putt and lose the hole for his team—or would The Kid score again? Orr carefully surveyed the putt from behind, noticing that it would break about 12 inches right to left. What Bobby really needed now was his curved hockey stick, not his putter. He walked confidently to the ball and bent over to inspect it, just as the pros always do. Then he picked it up and put it in his pocket.

"That's a three," Orr said. "Good three," said Johnny McKenzie, one of Bobby's partners in a low-stakes match. Phil Esposito, a rival this day, screamed foul. "Since when are seven-footers gimmers?" he yelled at Orr, who had started for the next tee. "Cripes, Bobby, just who do you think you are, anyway, Billy Casper?"

Orr, who has approximately a 20-handicap, definitely cannot play golf like Billy Casper, but then Casper cannot play hockey like Bobby Orr. Nobody can. It was Orr—and Orr alone—who rallied the struggling Boston Bruins past the scared New York Rangers last week and into the East Division final against the Chicago Black Hawks. When the Bruins needed a goal Orr either scored one or set one up. When they needed a big defensive play, he blocked a shot or stole the puck or killed time by skating in circles with the disk nailed to the blade of his stick. Bobby played a game that most hockey players are unfamiliar with. Understandably so, because it is unique.

"That Orr, he is impossible," said Rod Gilbert of the Rangers. "Hockey is a team game, right? One man is not sup-

posed to beat a whole team, right? But what else can I say. You saw it. One man beat the Rangers in this series."

The Bruins and Rangers were tied at two wins apiece when the teams returned to the Boston Garden for the fifth game last week. Early in the first period Orr skated the length of the ice, split the New York defense and beat Eddie Giacomin cleanly for a 1-0 lead. After that the Rangers checked the Bruins closely and took a 2-1 lead midway through the second period. Soon, however, the complexion of the game—and the series—turned abruptly in Boston's favor. Esposito was penalized for five minutes when he accidentally cut New York's Jean Ratelle with his stick. "I wanted to take a gun and point it at my temple," said Esposito.

However, Orr nonchalantly played keep-away with the puck for almost three minutes and, in fact, had the two best goal-scoring opportunities during Esposito's penalty. Relieved, Phil scored early in the third period to tie the game. Moments later he scored the winning goal. Orr had the puck in the Boston zone, while Esposito was retreating slowly from the New York end—a stride behind the Rangers' defense. Spotting Esposito, Orr nodded—signaling for Esposito to be ready for a pass. Bobby crossed his own blue line and put the puck on Esposito's stick as big Phil hit the Ranger line. The Ranger defenseman could not react in time and Giacomin was beaten again.

Back in New York Thursday night for the sixth game, the clincher, Orr got a goal to tie the score 1-1 early in the second period with an artistic deflection of McKenzie's shot from the blue line. Orr initiated the play with a rush up ice. He

passed off, then skated for the net. McKenzie's shot was low. Orr curled the puck into the hooked part of his blade and pulled it to Giacomin's right—and into the goal. "It looked accidental or lucky," Orr said, "but it wasn't. I was in the right place and the puck was in the right place." Two minutes later Wayne Cashman got another goal for Boston.

The score was still 2-1 at the start of the third period, and the Rangers, who were not terribly keen to be eliminated from the series on home ice, were still alive—until Bobby administered the coup d'Or. Esposito won a face-off and slipped the puck to Ken Hodges, who passed it back to Orr at the right boards. Bobby slapped at it, and the puck shot toward Giacomin. The goalie did not see it until it was behind him. That goal was Bobby's seventh of the series, and it damaged the Rangers beyond repair. Derek Sanderson, who had been vilified by the New York fans throughout the series (page 27), scored for effect a few minutes later.

The last two games of the Boston-New York confrontation were sharply different from the first four, at least down on the ice. Although the teams set a Stanley Cup record of 375 penalty minutes in their six games, they limited the rough stuff in the last two to solid, close-checking, hard-hitting positional hockey. Even so, at the end the Rangers were depleted by injuries. Boston, meanwhile, dispelled the myth that it always won the Pier 6 brawl but lost the hockey games.

As Bobby hacked his way through Friday's golf, he gave some thought to the Bruins' critics. "Look at our lineup," Bobby said. "We're supposed to be the big, bad Bruins. The animals. Well, we don't have one guy on our club who wouldn't be in the NHL if he didn't fight. We've got good, solid hockey players, and it's time people recognized that."

"The Rangers started as many fights as we did. In that first game in New York they came out and told Derek they were going to get him. Then there was the big fight and Derek was kicked out of the game. But I haven't read anything about the big, bad Rangers. And all this stuff about how bad the Boston Garden is. Look how bad Madison Square Garden was. What they did to Derek was incredible. But I knew he'd give it to them at the end, and don't think we all didn't like that."

After finishing his 18 holes of golf

Orr drove to the home he rents in Lynnfield, Mass. The houses along the streets reveal that Lynnfield is Orr country. Signs such as "Thanks Bobby" and "Go Bobby" and "Score with Orr" hang from porches and trees. Bobby's neighbors rarely bother him, but local children often ring the doorbell to return his dog, Keoka, even when he is not lost.

Between interruptions Orr tried to find the words for what he does on the ice. "I can't explain it," he said. "In New York they all asked me, 'What were you thinking when you started up ice?' and things like that. Hockey is not this type of game. Things happen too fast. We don't have any real planned plays, like in football. I skate up ice and look. I don't know what I'm going to do until it's done. You just adjust to the situation. If the defense is split too wide, I'll try to go through. If the defense is closed tight, I'll pass the puck. But I never know what's going to happen until I get there."

This, of course, creates a hardship for the rival defensemen. "Bobby changes his mind 15 or 20 times when he's skating up the ice," said Derek Sanderson. "Imagine what those defensemen must be thinking."

Friday night at dinner Orr was interrupted 17 times for a total of 38 autographs. A busboy who said he was a defenseman for Malden High stopped his cart at Bobby's table, took his own hockey gloves from the bottom shelf and asked Bobby to sign them. "I've had them here every night," he said. "You came here once, and I thought you'd come again." The organist asked Bobby if she could play his favorite song. He thought for a moment. "Chicago," he said, and smiled.

"Two years ago we got into the playoffs," Orr said, "and while we were congratulating ourselves the Canadiens beat us in four straight. Last year the Canadiens beat us in six games. I think all that is behind us. We've been here before—and lost. Now we're ready to win."

On Sunday, in Chicago, Orr was routinely magnificent as the Bruins clubbed the Hawks 6-3 in the first game of the East final; he scooped three potential goals when Gerry Cheevers scrambled out of the Boston net and he assisted on two Bruin goals. Phil Esposito scored the hat trick on his brother Tony, the Hawk goalie. That's the new Bruins for you—clean but mean.

END



Orr shakes hands with Rangers in a ceremony that restored some dignity to riotous Garden.

TAKE ME OUT OF THE BALL GAME

Throwing garbage, waving signs and spilling onto the field, a new gang of rowdies gets into the sports act—while players and officials wonder whatever became of good old peanuts and Crackerjack **by WALTER BINGHAM**

Oh, it was a grand Opening Day in Chicago. Flags and bunting and the Cubs and the Phillies. As Infielder Glenn Beckert trotted toward the dugout after the final out, a young fan dropped out of the bleachers and tried to grab Beckert's cap. Or maybe his scalp. The youth's eyes were glazed, Becker recalls, as he clawed the infielder's face. Becker shoved the boy aside and suddenly all hell was breaking loose around Wrigley Field—seven, maybe eight, swinging fist-fights on various parts of the field, all involving fans. The season was on.

A few days later Yankee Stadium

staged its own sideshow. New York was leading by a couple of runs when Third Baseman Danny Cater threw away the ball with two outs and the bases loaded. As First Baseman John Ellis chased it, he found himself in competition with a youngster. Ellis won the race and threw the ball home in time to catch the potential winning run at the plate, but by this time the field was covered with fans who presumably thought the game was over. It took five minutes and a threatened forfeit to herd everyone back to the stands.

"It was awful," said Manager Ralph

Houk. "I never saw anything like it."

This incident climaxed a long afternoon of audience participation at the Stadium during which fans hurled a barrage of garbage down upon the outfielders—apples, oranges, flashbulbs, beer cans and Dixie Cups.

"I can see it now," said Curt Blefary of the Yankees. "We clinch the pennant . . . 65,000 people in the stands and 65,000 Dixie Cups coming right at me."

And hockey fans are very much in the act. In Minneapolis last week someone tossed a live duck onto the ice, this following an earlier deluge of beer, eggs



Keeping a wary eye on a gang of kids scrambling over the centerfield wall, Mel Tomlin Agnew waits for action

and programs. In Detroit spectators matched the duck with a cooked octopus—while in New York it was oranges, eggs and apples, leftovers perhaps from Yankee Stadium.

Then there are the signs. Something about sport brings out the poet-artist in many spectators—but never have the messages painted on old bedsheets been so pungent. Famous four-letter words are suddenly being strung out boldly over the balconies for all to see. The wording is as explicit as it is unprintable here, and even television cameras, which used to fairly scan the audiences during breaks in the action, are now forced to avert their lenses. The night Boston won its playoff series with New York, there were 23 banners vilifying the Braves. Derek Sanderson hanging from the balcony in Madison Square Garden, and some spectators chanted outrageous words that New York will be a long time living down. According to the banners, San-

derson was a pig, a derelict, a queer, a fairy, a hairy fairy and, worst of all, had bad breath. "I'm a gracious winner," Derek said after the series. "I will call the New York fans sick animals and leave it at that. They are worth only two words."

All these outbursts on the part of fans are not funny, of course. They are a matter of growing concern to athletes and officials. Steve Hamilton, the Yankee relief pitcher and player representative, has asked the front office to put a roof over the bullpen. "They told me they wouldn't do it," says Hamilton. "because the fans like to watch us warming up." But the fans also like to drop things on top of pitchers, like pool balls. "Somebody's going to get hurt," says Hamilton.

Some experts feel it is surprising that no one has been hurt already. This would certainly be true if one looked at sport against the backdrop of growing violence across the country, on street and campus. But it also is true that sport plays a special role in contemporary life, and if Americans have a soft spot in their hearts at all it seems to be for The Game. And while symbols of authority are toppling on all sides—teachers, parents, employers—an official's whistle can still stop the action, and rarely is he besieged by rebels who insist that they want to participate equally in his decisions.

But most everyone agrees the situation bears watching.

The New York Mets' front office and the Baseball Commissioner's office were appalled by the demonstration at Shea Stadium last autumn when the Mets won the Series. That wasn't team loyalty out there ripping up the sod and stealing home plate. That was vandalism. Imagine what those fans could do if they got angry.

Some serious fans could make a good case for calling New York the rowdiest sports town in the country. Certainly the Rangers, Yankees and "Goodbye Albie" Shermans would agree. But Richie Allen, Wilt Chamberlain and Sonny Jurgensen would argue for Philadelphia. So might Red Auerbach, who used to be a target for cigars, some of them lighted, whenever he brought his Boston Celtics into Convention Hall. Around baseball, the word has long been "When in Philadelphia, run for the dressing room as soon as the game is over."

Chicago has always been a tough pro football town—but as of last year it acquired a reputation for baseball rowdiness, thanks to a group known as the Bleacher Bums. The Bleacher Bums sit in left field and wear yellow helmets, blow bugs and shout down players. Occasionally they are said to drop drinks on people—such as Henry Aaron. However, the Bums insist that they have been maligned, that they are an orderly lot who are, in fact, incorporated. Which is why the Bleacher Bums are so upset with the events at Wrigley Field on Opening Day.

"The disturbance started out in right field," says Ron Groulx, a leading Bum. "Some kid fell or jumped on the field and right away a bunch of ushers started kicking him. That's what started all the fighting. It wasn't us Bums."

Whatever it was that started the skirmish, the Chicago management has taken steps to see that it doesn't happen again. John Holland, vice-president of the club, announced last week that a 42-inch mesh screen would be installed bordering the bleachers and that standing-room tickets no longer would be sold. A video system will scan trouble spots, beer will not be sold in the bleachers, penalties for fan invasion or throwing debris will be posted publicly.

Others in baseball immediately followed suit. Joe Brown of Pittsburgh ordered his police force doubled. Lindsey Nelson, voice of the Mets, appealed to fans to "show the way to others." From the commissioner's office came the plea to help stamp out the new fad before it becomes accepted behavior. It urged TV to keep the camera off fans who run onto the field and it has asked clubs to "kindly let us know what we can do to combat outbreaks."

Rowdiness is not, of course, a brand-new phenomenon in sport (ask Ted Williams about the left-field bleachers in Fenway Park, or any survivor about the right-field bleachers in the old Polo Grounds). The Bronx cheer and the razzberry hold a heretofore (if dubious) place in any listing of the Rights of Man. The problem is the extension of dissent to include armed attack—a problem sport shares with society. Sport has one advantage, however—a controllable venue from which, with some effort, violence can be excluded. Some effort is being made. More is needed.



to resume at Pittsburgh's Forbes Field.



PICK 'EM AND DON'T GIVE UP ON THE

As many as 20 3-year-olds, lots of them famous only in their own peaceful barns, are likely to go to the post at Churchill Downs next Saturday for what gives promise of being the most wide-open Kentucky Derby ever run. The setting will offer the dual stimulation of a cavalry charge and a wheel of fortune, and the better, owner, trainer or jockey who stands there at post time brimming with confidence is either an incurable optimist or a curable fool. This year, no master who you draw in the office pool, don't throw away your number.

The reason for this exciting confusion is obvious: the winter and spring semi-classes that led up to this 96th Kentucky Derby failed to produce anything like an outstanding contender for a race in which all starters carry 126 pounds and run a mile and a quarter for the first time in their lives. Nor is it likely that the three remaining pre-Derby prep—this week's Blue Grass at Keeneland, the Stepping Stone at Churchill Downs and next Tuesday's Derby Trial—will eliminate many hopefuls. On the contrary, unless all three of these

races are won convincingly by wide margins and in very good time, the Derby field could top the 1928 record of 22 starters.

Four races last week were supposed to clear up some of the confusion, but they did little to get the job done. Silent Screen was beaten in the nine-furlong Wood Memorial by Personality, which means he either isn't yet the champion he was a year ago or that Personality is better over a distance. In Kentucky, Naskra, who is bred for distance, lost to a sprinter named Supreme Quality at

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WITH A PIN— OFFICE POOL

The 95th Kentucky Derby shapes up as one of the most frenzied ever, as a huge field of equally matched and far from distinguished colts gets set to stampede for the roses by WHITNEY TOWER

seven furlongs but showed enough to gain new supporters. Earlier in the week at Keeneland, Protanto snapped out of a five-race losing streak to win a sprint impressively. And out at San Francisco's Golden Gate Fields, George Lewis won a two-length victory in the California Derby, running the mile and an eighth in 1:48 1/2 after his jockey, Bill Hartack, succeeded, at last, in rating him well. That victory earned George Lewis a Derby trip, and Hartack, who is looking for a record sixth Derby win, will have to make up his mind after he tests Dr.

Behrman in the Blue Grass which of the two colts he will ride on May 2.

The 14-horse Wood Memorial might have been a fairer race had it been split into two divisions, but its finish was the most exciting since Nashua edged Sumner Tan in 1955. Delaware Chief, ineligible for the Derby, took the lead, while Bill Shoemaker, subbing for the suspended John Rotz on Silent Screen, laid up snugly in second place. Eddie Belmonte had Personality up closer than usual in third place, while none of the other 11 had much to say about the outcome

after some rough crowding in the clubhouse turn had sorted out the field. Delaware Chief, under Jean Cruguet, held on bravely as the trio turned for home, with Silent Screen going head and head with him and Personality coming on the outside to form a threesome that rolled the last eighth of a mile stride for stride. Just short of the wire, Personality seemed to pick up new energy and was drawing off as he crossed the finish. Less than a length separated him from third-place Delaware Chief.

"I think he'll go as far as horses have
couldest"

to go," said John Jacobs, who trains Personality and stablemate High Echelon for his mother. "I like the way Personality won. He hung on and was game all the way. Now he's got the message. He knows what he's supposed to do. He missed nearly all last season with spread semandoids and suspensories, but my father [the late Hirsch Jacobs] always had hopes for him. He carried a photo of Personality in his wallet."

Hirsch Jacobs often called Personality "the best horse I've ever bred." So enamored of him was the elder Jacobs that in the spring of 1967 when he commissioned the eminent painter Richard Stone Reeves to do a portrait of the mare Affectionately he insisted that her 3-week-old suckling colt be included in the picture. That was Personality's first brush with publicity.

High Echelon was a slow starter, as usual, in the Wood and eventually came from 11th to finish sixth, although he was beaten barely four lengths for all the money. Last fall High Echelon won both the Belmont and Pimlico-Laurel Futurities, but he hasn't won since. "He's a difficult horse to train," says John Jacobs. "He only does what he has to do. He has problems with both knees and with his left shin, but we know he is capable of running a great race, and one of these days he's going to do it." High Echelon will probably run next in the Derby Trial, and after that the pair will run as an entry in the Derby. Hirsch Jacobs, the world's winningest trainer, started seven horses in the Derby from 1949 to 1967, but the best he could do was a third and two fourths. John would like to do something about that in memory of his father—and with his father's favorite horse—on May 2.

For the second time in two weeks Silent Screen did not disgrace himself, but neither did he win. He was, as Shoemaker points out, being ridden by an unfamiliar jockey, and he lost some ground on the first turn. After that, says Shoemaker, "He hung a bit in the last eighth. I hit him a couple of times, but he's not much of a whip horse." Trainer Bowes Bond and Owner Sonny Werblin want to give Silent Screen his big chance in the Derby, but they are faced with a dilemma. He may not go the distance, and he seems to lack some of the competitive instinct needed to put his opponents away once he catches them. "He seems to wait on horses," says Bond.

"It may be that he needs blinkers. But it's late to be experimenting with things like that, isn't it?"

"No matter what," says Shoemaker, "he ran a good race and he's a nice colt. There's not much difference between him and Terlago, and the next time he'll be tough to beat." The next time, presumably Derby Day, will find Johnny Rotz back on Silent Screen and Shoemaker on Terlago, winner of the Santa Anita Derby and the best 3-year-old to race in the West this year. "Terlago's a tough little horse who can run," says Shoemaker, "and if the track comes up right he'll run good. But the one thing he doesn't like is mud, just can't handle it at all."

A California horse that could spring a real surprise is George Lewis, particularly if Hartack elects to ride him. After a record built strictly as a sprinter, and a good one, he was a come-from-behind winner at nine furlongs in the California Derby. So it is conceivable that he could be stretched out another eighth of a mile.

The stars of the Florida season were My Dad George and Cora Off The Cob, who finished one-two, inches apart, in both the Flamingo and Florida Derby. The way they ended up those stakes—with comparatively slow last quarters—suggests that neither is a genuine mile-and-a-quarter horse, but nobody can argue that they be denied a chance to find out. In fact, no colt at the moment is more deserving than My Dad George, the only 3-year-old in the country to have won two of the \$100,000 events. Without a race since the March 28 Florida Derby, My Dad George has been shipped by Trainer Buddy McManus straight to Churchill Downs, where this week, in the Stepping Stone, he probably will face Terlago. Neither McManus nor Owner Raymond Curtis, a retired theatrical producer, has ever seen a Derby. But My Dad George's sire, Dark Star, rocked the joint 17 years ago when he dealt Native Dancer his lone defeat.

Corn Off The Cob, so named because the children of Owners Ted and Pat Gary liked to eat their corn that way, came back from his Flamingo defeat to win the Fountain of Youth Stakes over Naskra before running into My Dad George again. But like his conqueror, he is a tenacious fighter who does not give in easily. And in Arnold Wanick he has an excellent trainer.

Two other recent Florida winners aiming for Churchill Downs are Cassie Red and Holy Land. The former would appear to be better suited for shorter distances, while Holy Land, owned by Mrs. J. Simpson Dean Jr., has won all three of his 1970 starts but against secondary opposition and has yet to run more than a mile and a sixteenth.

The Blue Grass is the last distance prep for the Derby, and this week it will bring together a field of considerable talent, including Naskra, winner of the Everglades. By Nasram out of Iskra by Le Haar, Naskra has an abundance of stamina in his veins. In Keeneland's Forerunner Purse last week he made up nearly five lengths while covering the last furlong in 12 seconds to finish second to Supreme Quality. The performance delighted not only his owners, Richard Hersch, Peter Jacobs and Harry Gordon, but also Trainer Phil Johnson and Naskra's regular rider, Braulio Baeza. "He will improve off this race," said Baeza. "At least he should improve. If he doesn't we're in trouble. Maybe we're in trouble anyway, but I wouldn't change mounts now, even if I could." If Naskra has a major weakness it is his curious tendency to come up with a fever on the eve of major races. It cost him starts in both the Flamingo and Florida Derby. If a colt gets hot flashes before a stakes at Hialeah, what might he develop on Kentucky Derby Day?

One colt at Keeneland who has indicated he might like a distance is Mary Fisher's Hard Work. He's not as good as last fall, but he's coming back strong. And Hard Work has the advantage of running his best on Kentucky tracks.

George Pope's Aggressively, the third California-based representative on the scene, has a Kentucky heritage. Both his sire, Decidedly, and his grandsire, Determined, won the Derby. More important, Aggressively was a fast-finishing third behind Terlago and George Lewis in the Santa Anita Derby. He has not impressed too many people at Keeneland because, as his acting trainer Don Richardson says, "He just won't work much. He's kind of a rogue and raises hell all the time. Still, he runs in the afternoon, which is when it counts." Pope, a northern California rancher and shipping executive, had a Derby near-miss with Hill Rise to go with Decidedly's victory and is a realist when it comes to this race. "As far as I'm con-

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cerned," he said not long ago, "I wouldn't send a colt to Kentucky for the Derby if I didn't think he would finish in the first four."

Another fast closer was Dr. Behrman in the Florida Derby. This son of Hall to Reason seems to be improving every day under the handling of Trainer Jimmy Conway, who won the 1963 Derby with Chateaugay. "This colt doesn't need much racing," says Conway. "Besides, he has one ugly-looking ankle, which has somehow managed to stay under control. He's not as good right now as Chateaugay was at this time, but I feel he's a natural distance horse, maybe more so than some of those who beat him in Florida."

When, and if, he ever puts his mind on his work, another tough horse to beat could be Protanto, Charlie Engelhard's \$150,000 son of Native Dancer and the Tom Fool mare Foolish One. On looks alone Protanto, a big 16 hands two inches and about 1,050 pounds, is already a Derby winner, but it's not a horse show they're running at the Downs. "Most Native Dancers are prone to be sulky," says Trainer MacKenzie Miller. "And this is a phlegmatic horse, which he gets from Tom Fool. He doesn't like the whip, in fact he soars from it. But in his last race he ran much better. This horse has ability, I know it. But when will he really show us how much ability he's hiding?"

It may all come down to something former Calumet Trainer Jimmy Jones said recently about the Derby. "Horses develop in amazing ways at this time of year—and unexpectedly, too. I remember when we had Ponder during the winter of 1949. He couldn't beat a stable pony. In the Derby Trial he must have got beat 100 yards by Olympia. But in the paddock on Derby Day, just five days later, mind you, he started to get little beads of perspiration, and he was excited and all that. A guy standing there said to me, 'Look at him, Jimmy. You're going to win this damn thing.' I didn't think we could possibly be better than third. But Ponder was just one of those colts who was destined to be 100', ready at 4:30 p.m. that Saturday afternoon—and not one minute before. He won by three lengths at 16 to 1."

This could be the same kind of year. Go to the paddock and look for the perspiration. If you can't, you'll have to just sweat out this Derby.

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I have met with but one or two persons in the course of my life who understood the art of walking, that is, of taking walks. . . .

—HENRY DAVID THOREAU

Fame, at last, has come to that odd half-brother of the track and field set, the race walker. The past few years have seen an upsurge of interest in walking as a sport—not in the sports pages, mind you, but through that harbinger of American pop culture, the television commercial. First came Alka-Seltzer showing the misadventure of a race walker to illustrate stomach distress. Next Pabst Blue Ribbon beer pictured some walkers while reminiscing about “the good old days.” Finally, Goodyear referred to a group of heel-and-toe walkers as “squirmers.” (Presumably Goodyear tires, unlike race walkers, do not squirm.) As Jack Mortland, editor of the *Ohio Race Walker*, grumbled, “We saw more race walking on TV during the Winter

Olympics than the Summer Olympics.”

That’s race walking, if you please. Walkers are people akin to Thoreaus who stroll across the landscape eyeing the birds or the bikinis or meander down to the corner grocery store for Pabst Blue Ribbon and Alka-Seltzer. Race walkers, on the other hand, usually race at distances from one to 31 miles, keeping a stiff upper and lower leg while maintaining strict heel-toe contact with the ground. In an attempt to move at maximum speed yet avoid being airborne, the race walker thrusts vigorously with his arms while his hips swivel from side to side in a gyration that Goodyear quite accurately alluded to as squirming. Race walkers are accepted by hard-core track fans but the *Lumpenproletariat* gasp in astonishment at their bizarre gait. “The starter fires the gun and then the tee-hees start,” says Olympic walker Chris McCarthy. “There’s no question about it,” admits national champion Ron Laird. “Race walkers look goofy.”

Hollywood capitalized on the goofy image several years ago when it produced a Cary Grant comedy entitled *Walk, Don’t Run*. The plot revolved around a lanky young athlete (not Grant, by the way) who lost his walking race in the Tokyo Olympics but won the girl. Whether or not Cary Grant had anything to do with it, in Mexico City the U.S. won its first Olympic walking medal since 1920, Larry Young, a stocky 25-year-old from San Pedro, Calif., finishing third in the 50-kilometer walk.

The U.S. might have earned an additional bronze medal in the 20-kilometer walk had the judges been more critical of Mexico’s José Pedraza. Pedraza came marching into the stadium for the last lap perhaps 30 yards behind two Russians—Vladimir Golubnitsky and Nikolai Smaga. As the partisan crowd went crazy, Pedraza surged down the back straightaway and passed Smaga on the turn. Golubnitsky held him off to win the gold medal, however. Pedraza’s second place repre-

CREEPERS, FLOATERS AND SQUIRMERS

Everyone laughs when a walking race starts, but to the contestants it’s a serious business in which the threat of disqualification looms larger than it does in any other sport by HAL HIGDON



sented the first medal ever won by Mexico in Olympic track and field competition. A minute behind, and in fourth place, was Rudy Hahlara of Riverside, Calif., a United Air Lines pilot.

Many who witnessed Pedraza's final spurt felt he should have been disqualified for running. It is an unwritten tactical rule in race walking that you never burst past another competitor, particularly in the last few hundred meters, since sudden changes of pace attract the attention of the judges. According to Chris McCarthy, "A race walker not only has to walk legal, he has to look legal."

In race walking the threat of disqualification looms larger than perhaps in any sport. In auto racing the officials restrict the size of engines, but once on the track with his machine the driver lets it all hang out. In baseball a pitcher suspected of throwing a spitter merely receives a mild rebuke. A football player caught holding or clipping sees his team penalized only 15 yards. In the one-mile walk at last year's National AAU indoor championships in Philadelphia, three athletes got thrown out of the race and four others received cautions.

Walkers not only risk censure from the judges but disapproval from their fellow competitors. An established long-distance runner (who shall remain anonymous) once entered an indoor mile walk in Chicago. Walking with questionable form, he barely broke eight minutes. This failed to place him, although he did finish ahead of a woman walker from Detroit. Two years later in Mexico City he was introduced to the same woman walker, who was a spectator at the Olympics. "Yes, I remember you," she said with a steel edge to her voice. "You're the one who cheated in that race in Chicago!"

The rules defining the act of race walking are relatively simple. Two criteria must be met. One, at some point during every stride the supporting leg must be straightened at the knee for at least an instant. Two, constant contact with the ground must be maintained. The toe of the rear foot can't leave the ground before the heel of the forward foot makes contact. From this comes the term "heel-and-toe walking." Walkers who stride along with bent knees are known as "creepers." Those who lose contact with the ground are known as "floaters."

It is easy to define creeping and floating but difficult to detect them with any

accuracy. The point at which the walker loses contact with the ground—or begins to float—is nearly impossible to see with the human eye. A race walker will take up to four 40-inch strides per second. The double contact phase, when both heel and toe are on the ground, represents only 0.081% of the time it takes to make one stride. Moreover, a walker can be accurately judged only from the side and from no farther away than 15 yards. "The best we can do is make a judgment call," says Chris McCarthy, who now acts as a judge.

As is the case with baseball, disputed calls sometimes result in fierce arguments. A few years ago the AAU suspended John Allen, a national champion from Buffalo, for spitting on a judge. Not long ago Chicagoan Bob Gray got his AAU card lifted for a year for complaining too vocally about the quality of judging. Not only does the blood of walkers boil when they get disqualified, but their anger also rises when other walkers who finish in front of them don't get disqualified. "I get DQs," says Ron Kulik of the New York AC, "and when other walkers run and don't get DQs it burns me up."

At the 1964 Olympic Trials for 50 kilometers, Chris McCarthy was walking in a pack that included Army Lieutenant Ron Zinn (later killed in Vietnam) and Don DeNoon of the Southern California Striders, who holds the national indoor mile record. At one point McCarthy attempted a burst, and an official following on a bicycle shouted, "McCarthy, that's one warning on you!" Zinn and the others complained to the official that according to the rules he couldn't judge from a moving vehicle. The judge pedaled ahead, sulking, and descended from his bicycle. When the group passed him, McCarthy was back walking cautiously in the middle of the pack. "DeNoon," shouted the judge, "that's one warning on you!" DeNoon eventually received a second caution and had to leave the race. McCarthy went on to win.

Last year walking rules were amended to permit judging from vehicles. Another change altered American rules concerning cautions to conform to international regulations. In the past, an American race walker suspected of illegal form would be given a caution (a white flag) and if caught a second time would be red-flagged from the race. Only in the last 220 yards could he be disqualified with-

out prior notice. Now a disqualification can come at any time without warning if three judges agree that the violation is flagrant. But an individual judge can advise a walker that he is about to lose form and could receive a caution.

Eastern European walkers dominate the sport partly because of sheer numbers of competitors. Jack Mortland estimates that the U.S. has a hard core of maybe 200 walkers, with another 300 competing occasionally. Billy Mills entered a walking race several years before his victory in the Olympic 10,000-meter run. Gerry Lindgren reportedly once walked a mile in under 7:30. Many race walkers are former distance runners who started walking either out of curiosity or necessity. Ron Zinn switched from cross-country to walking following an arch injury. Olympic team member Tom Dooly started walking after tearing both Achilles' tendons. Jack Mortland, a 50-flat anchor man on the Bowling Green mile-relay team, entered a walking race in the off season and though finishing far back won a large trophy. "The most I'd ever won running the mile relay was a pair of fingernail clippers," he says, "so I switched sports." He made the 1964 Olympic team at 20 kilometers. Jack Blackburn placed sixth in the 10,000-meter run at the 1956 Olympic Trials but felt that at 170 pounds he was too heavy to be a successful distance runner. His father and mother also race-walk now.

In the past, race walking provided a haven for mediocre athletes and broken-down distance runners, but recently the sport has begun to attract better athletes. "There's a weird kind of challenge to race walking," says Blackburn. Race walking, however, still exists in only a few pockets in the U.S., and too many participants must train and compete without adequate coaching or judging.

The Russians, on the other hand, have adequate coaching and thus their leading walkers display impeccable form and rarely get disqualified. Soviet walkers almost always place one-two ahead of Americans in dual-meet competition. The Russians use their superior form to tactical advantage. A pair of Russians, confident that they can stay legal, will attempt a burst right in front of a judge. If the other walkers attempt to match the Russians stride for stride, they risk disqualification. On the other hand, if

ronald

they hold back the Russians will break contact and probably leave them.

The judging of the walks in the 1924 Olympics caused such a controversy that race walking vanished from the program and was not reinstated until 1932. The Olympic walks, which in the early Games had varied from 3,000 to 10,000 meters, eventually were lengthened to 20 and 50 kilometers. The idea was that longer distances promoted slower walking, which would be easier to judge. Pedraza pretty much demolished that theory.

However, walks of one and two miles have persisted in many large indoor and outdoor track meets. In a mile walk an athlete will take 1,500 strides, and Chris McCarthy theorizes that he may leave the ground on as many as 300 of them. In 1966, when Don DeNoon dropped the indoor one-mile walk record nearly eight seconds to 6:10.8, eyebrows arched throughout the race-walking fraternity, even though three judges declared him legal. McCarthy wants to develop an electronic device similar to the one used in fencing competition, where a touch causes a light to flash. "That way," says McCarthy, "it might be possible to devise a penalty system and do away with the need to disqualify a walker for a single offense—a rule which tends to inhibit the judges." If McCarthy has his way a light would flash on the walker's back the moment he lost contact with the ground. The risk is that an indoor mile walk might resemble a pinball game.

Another plight of race walkers has been a dearth of competent officials. Some years ago at a National AAU 50-

kilometer championship the officials were uncertain of the course at the start of the race. The winner walked 32 miles, after which the course was cut to a more accurate 31 miles for the second-place finisher. To save time the rest of the field walked only 30 miles. On another occasion an AAU walking judge showed up at a Chicago indoor race with a police revolver for a starting pistol. When the gun sounded the field recoiled backward instead of forward. "Afterward he was showing the bullet hole in the ground to all his friends," says Jack Blackburn, who won the race.

At the National AAU championships in St. Louis in 1963 no walking judges appeared. Ron Zinn covered 20 miles in 14:03.6, erasing Henry Laskau's championship record by almost 20 seconds. Chris McCarthy, who was then putting out a magazine for race walkers, published a picture of Zinn finishing with both feet off the ground. "Ron Zinn soars to victory," said the caption. After one indoor AAU championship, sixth-place finisher Jim Hanley of the Southern California Striders circulated a group of pictures revealing several competitors connected to the ground only through the imagination of officials. One of the favorite subplots of race walkers is to watch home movies of each other frame by frame and cackle when they catch someone in the act of floating.

Chris McCarthy once took movies of a walker wearing one white shoe and one black shoe. He concluded that the white shoe was easier to spot than the

black shoe, thus more likely to catch the judge's eye. Since he now functions as a race-walking judge, it is a case of chickens coming home to roost. McCarthy notices that some walkers not only use black shoes, but darken the white side stripes with dye. "When I see a walker with white shoes that have been dyed black," says McCarthy, "I just watch him a little closer."

The race walker not only must survive the icy stares of judges, but while on training walks he suffers the taunts of small boys and the lunges of hostile animals. Joggers and long-distance runners face the same problem, but walkers provide slower-moving targets. In their training walks through parks and along city streets they will be moving two to four minutes per mile slower than a runner. Following a recent national championship in Chicago, several walkers gathered at Chris McCarthy's house. Ron Laird pointed to his thigh, where a two-inch scar served as a trophy of a battle lost to a German shepherd. Immediately the other walkers in the room rolled up their pants legs to exhibit similar scars. While training in California before the 1964 Olympics, Bruce MacDonald was attacked by two dogs, while he fought off one the other bit him from behind. MacDonald ascended the nearest porch to get medical help. The people inside the house took one look at him, standing there in shorts and a painter's cap (to ward off the sun), with sweat streaming from his back, and refused to let him in. In a national championship near San Diego, Jim Hanley and Bob



Bixby were walking together when a large dog started running across an open field toward them. Hanley coolly watched the dog's approach and said to his companion, "If the dog gets within 50 yards of us, you have my permission to break stride and run."

Hanley has had more than his share of problems. One time while he was race walking near UCLA, someone leaned out of a fraternity house window and shot him in the behind with a BB gun. (It probably took great skill to hit that elusive a target.) Hanley occasionally mixes some running with his walk training. One cold winter morning, wearing three T-shirts and a heavy black sweat suit, he was running past a local church when he saw three police cars parked in front. The church had just been burglarized. One of the policemen ordered him to halt, but Hanley had a ski hat pulled down over his ears and couldn't hear him. Hanley looked around in time to see a policeman sprinting after him, gun drawn. Hanley stopped and raised his hands. "On the head!" snapped the policeman, but Hanley didn't know what he meant. Within seconds Hanley had been grabbed from behind and kicked in the stomach. Eventually, another policeman reported having seen Hanley running toward the church, as well as away from it. When one of Hanley's race-walking rivals heard of the incident, he proved unsympathetic. "That'll teach you to run," he said.

Hanley received the ultimate come-uppance, however, while training near the Los Angeles Coliseum just before a U.S.-British Commonwealth meet. A small Negro boy ran up to him and said, "Hey, can I have your autograph?"

"But I'm not on the Olympic team," protested Hanley.

"Then walk on, son," said the boy.

Chris McCarthy, who has been studying for a Ph.D. in political science at the University of Chicago for about 15 years, says that the type of heckling race walkers receive varies from neighborhood to neighborhood. He claims to have made a sociological study of ethnic heckling. While training for the Olympic team, he frequently would walk from his home on Chicago's South Side to Evanston far to the north and in so doing pass through a variety of ethnic neighborhoods. He claims that the bums on West Madison Street (Chicago's Skid Row) act most friendly. In the Latin

continued

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SQUIRMERS *Continued*

American neighborhoods the people whistle. In lower-middle-class areas—particularly one stretch of lakefront he calls “Boob Beach”—the walkers attract insults, obscenities and sometimes rocks. In Evanston and along North Michigan Avenue the people are very polite about their laughter. They raise their hands to their mouths to hide smiles, or wait until after the walkers pass before turning to stare. McCarthy and Ron Laird used to train together and often one or the other would walk 50 yards to the rear to sample the reactions. They encountered the most hostility southwest of Chicago near Santa Fe Speedway, an auto racing track. “The people would drive across the center line of the highway trying to brush us,” says McCarthy.

McCarthy often walked through the slums of Chicago's South Side. In the early '60s Negroes averted their eyes as though unwilling to acknowledge the presence of white walkers acting like fools in their shorts and funny hats. Within the past few years, however, the attitude of the ghetto residents has hardened. Now they stare angrily at the walkers as though they no longer belong in their neighborhood. One two-mile McCarthy walking course circles through Jackson Park and crosses a bridge from which Negroes frequently fish. Toward the end of one workout McCarthy crossed this bridge for perhaps the eighth time and was told by one of the fishermen, “The next time around, Whitey, we're going to get you.” McCarthy hasn't used that course since.

Another day McCarthy went on a training walk to Evanston with Jim Clinton, a University of Chicago divinity student. They passed Oak Street Beach, where two teen-age girls standing under a tree giggled as they went by. As the two walkers continued northward they got caught in a thunderstorm, and on the way home passed Oak Street Beach again. The tree under which the girls had been standing had been split by lightning. “See, that'll teach them to laugh at us,” shouted McCarthy triumphantly. Clinton was horrified. “Chris,” he said, “they were only smiling.”

Most long-distance runners are individualists and race walkers tend to be even more individualistic. It takes a certain amount of will, mettle, to strap to your shorts and swivel-hip down the boulevard before the eyes of people who would get into an automobile to go two

blocks to the drugstore for cigarettes. Many walkers avoid the public's gaze as much as possible. Jack Mortland does almost all his training on a nine-lap-to-the-mile asphalt track that Jack Blackburn's father built in his Worthington, Ohio backyard. Other walkers train on regular running tracks, where runners offer sympathy. Elliott Denman used to solve his need for indoor training facilities on rainy days by practicing in a New York subway tunnel. While living in Norristown, Pa., Ron Laird trained winters in the tunnels connecting the buildings of a state mental hospital.

Laird, 31, has won more national senior AAU championships—51 at last count—than any other athlete. Of course, race walkers can compete for 11 championships, indoor and outdoor, from one mile to 50 kilometers during a single year. Of course, too, perhaps no other race walker has quite Laird's dedication. At one period in his life he would work at a job until his attendance at a walking race required him to miss work, at which time he would get fired. Returning from the race, he would get another job, which would last until the next race.

In 1962 Laird moved to Chicago and trained with Chris McCarthy. He lived at one of the fraternity houses across the street from the University of Chicago track and worked as a draftsman on a university meteorology project. In February 1963 Laird got married, left almost immediately for the Pan-American Games in São Paulo, Brazil, returned home and left again with an American track team touring Europe. He and his wife separated in November, but while they lived together Laird would do resistance training by walking with her on his shoulders.

Laird moved to California in 1963 and got a job as draftsman with the city of Pomona, which he holds today. Laird's boss, Chuck Sihler, became so fascinated with his new employee's avocation that he became a race-walking judge. Laird is fortunate in that the city allows him to take his vacation one day at a time so he can attend out-of-town races. For long international trips he obtains a leave of absence. Laird originally competed for the New York Pioneer Club but switched to the New York AC when it agreed to pay his expenses to national championships. He still maintains his affiliation with the NYAC even though

he lives in California and despite gibes about the club's discriminatory policies "I'd walk for the Black Panthers if they'd get me to the races," says Laird.

Laird freely offers his time to promote his sport, often driving several hundred miles to give a lecture or attend a clinic. He also sponsors races, getting businessmen to donate trophies that often wind up in his collection. "Ron's a pot hunter," claims Chris McCarthy. "He doesn't like merchandise awards and sometimes will leave an electric razor he's won in the box. He'd rather win trophies." Laird's apartment, in which he lives rent-free in return for mowing the grass for his 92-year-old landlady, has become a haven for visiting race walkers, who come and stay with him for a week to six months while training and racing. "I'm almost scared to go into the place," says Jim Hanley. "I'm afraid someday the entire house is going to collapse from the weight of Ron's trophies."

Laird lives humbly on a fraction of his salary, conserving money by traveling to meet excursion rate. He invests his money in silver mines, Alaskan oil wells and other stocks. He could be the only person in the history of track and field to retire from the sport a millionaire.

Laird does splurge on health foods, including wheat-germ oil, raw milk and concentrated seawater. One favorite drink consists mainly of alfalfa. "I tried it once," says Chuck Sihler, "and I'll never do it again." During coffee breaks at his office Laird eats yogurt, or retires to the washroom to do isometric exercises. One morning, while pushing against a washbowl with his hip, the bowl ripped loose from the wall, cracking a pipe and flooding the washroom. Laird quietly returned to his desk.

Last year Ron Laird won nine of the 11 American championships, losing the shortest (the one mile, won by Dave Roman) and the sport's newest luminary) and the longest (50 kilometers). He won his 47th A.A.U. title, in the 35-kilometer walk, on a one-mile course laid out in the parking lot of an East McKeesport, Pa. shopping center. "Women kept hucking their cars into some of the guys," Laird says. "I almost got it twice. It was a little weird." To be sure, but being race walkers, they'll all be back in the parking lot next month. What's a few women drivers to athletes who endure the ridicule of their fellow men?

END



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BINACA'S IN... BAD BREATH IS OUT.

There were six of us sharing a five-man lager in the Argentière Hut. This is even worse than it sounds. Lager in Alpine usage does not mean beer—it means a communal sleeping shelf covered by a straw-filled pallet that is downright elderly. This sort of lager is less soothing than the liquid kind. It is slightly better than huddling all night in the snow—but not much. The limbs congeal, the wings of delirium flap through the brain, but true sleep does not come.

At 2:30 a.m., it was less painful to heave out of the lager than to stay in it. We ate without talking: cheese, sausage, small chunks of uncooked hacon, dense brown bread carved off a heavy loaf with a jackknife, tea with as much sugar as could be dissolved in it and with a faint flavor of gasoline from the pocket cooker. We were on skis by 3.

The glacier was dark, with only a filtering of starlight. The mushy snow of the afternoon had frozen hard. We scraped raggedly over old ski ruins, legs locked rigid. The long, sloping traverse was not steep but its pitch varied, and the poor light gave no warning of variations. There was only a rim of grayness above the high ridges to brace the mind against, for balance. Speed was unjudgeable by eye; it was whatever it sounded like as the skis grated against the snow. The wash of cool air was lulling; we moved through an undentifiable dream.

The figures ahead stopped. I took off my skis, feeling dulled and stiff in the chill. Now we would carry our skis. I fitted my ski tails through the side flaps of my rucksack, tied the tips together and worked my shoulders under the packstraps. The others were already moving up the steep snow face toward the Chardonnet Pass, half a mile above.

Our guide was Marcus Schmuck, a 44-year-old electrical technician from Salzburg. A couple of months before he had volunteered to take me over the Haute Route, the longest, most difficult and most varied ski tour in the Alps.

The Haute Route edges across the shoulders of the Alps from Argentière, France, a few kilometers from Chamo-



HARD WAY OVER A HIGH ROUTE

The path across the Alps runs along the edge of danger, through avalanches and exhaustion—a good part of it to defiant cries of 'Healthy are we' by JOHN SKOW

nix, eastward to Saas-Fee, Switzerland, not far from Zermatt. The straight-line distance is 90 kilometers, or about 56 miles, and the up-and-down, traverse-and-switchback distance is at least twice that. In perfect weather, which is unheard of, the tour takes nine or 10 days. Avalanche danger is extreme and constant, and there are intermittent opportunities to fall off headwalls or into crevasses. Severe sunburn is almost unavoidable, and the altitude can cause nausea and headaches. The beer supply is unreliable.

Marcus Schmuck knew well enough, of course, that on any ski tour the hours of upward suffering exceed those of downward skiing by a ratio of 7 or 8 to 1. He is, however, an experienced mountaineer and fond of challenges.

Seen from the Argentière side, and from the viewpoint of a climber working his way up from the glacier, the rise to the Chardonnet Pass looks straight, like the slant of a barn roof. Actually it is rounded, but in the starlight the curve is undetectable. After an hour's hard climb what seems to be a ridge line appears. It should be reachable in about another 15 minutes.

The nearness of the ridge line rouses me. Marcus, who is leading, has been climbing fast, and I am beginning to tire. The rucksack with the skis lashed to it weighs about 45 pounds. Now every few moments I look up to cheer myself with my progress. But there isn't any. The ridge refuses to get any nearer. What in hell's the matter with it? The irritation is perfectly real. I am able to put it aside, an adult does not, after all, lose his temper at a mountain. But even after I understand my mistake—what I saw was no ridge line, merely the point at which my line of sight lay tangent with the rising convex curve of the snow face—it is hard to keep my feelings below the level of childish anger. I am running out of strength, Marcus does not slow down, and the STUPID GODDAM PASS KEEPS ON RECEDING!

We reach the top—3,323 meters, or about 11,000 feet—at about 5:20 a.m., a few minutes too late for the sunrise.

We have been climbing hard for two hours. Marcus looks closely at me and I grin at him, but I don't feel like grinning. I feel cross, tired and foolish. And on this first full day of the Haute Route we have another four hours of work ahead of us.

There is more climbing to do: a half hour's stiff climb through another pass, the Fenêtre de Saleina, after a brief, shallow descent from the Chardonnet Pass. It takes me an hour and much quelling of interior mutiny.

At the top of this second pass, however, Marcus hands me a cup of *Kraftbrühe* (strength broth)—a bouillon—and with a swallow or two and a cleansing of sweat from my glacier glasses perspective returns.

It is a rare perspective. We have worked our way back up to 3,200 meters; the sky is clear, and ridge lines 70 miles away are visible. The vast Plateau de Trient glacier slopes down and away. At 6:20 the snow is still crusted hard. One push of the ski poles and a few huge, lazy turns for style send me three kilometers out across the French border into Switzerland. No customhouse, no line painted on the snow, only a few black birds, called *Dohlen*, watching as we sail the glacier at 40 kilometers an hour.

The long flight across the glacier ends at a narrow chute called the Fenêtre du Chamois. It is too steep to ski and touchy to climb down. A fall would mean an uncontrollable slide, and the chute drops for 70 meters before its pitch softens. We abseil. The maneuver—a method of letting oneself down a cliff on a rope, like a dangling spider—is called rappelling by French- and English-speaking mountaineers. It is enormously satisfying to beginners because it looks difficult but is not.

I lean back on the doubled rope, relax my left hand, smile a thin, fatalistic smile and advance down, backward. The rope ends after 40 meters. As I work my way down from this point, using my climbing irons for the first time and feeling melodramatically like George Mallory, fist-size knots of snow, dislodged by the abseiler now coming

down above me, ricochet off my skull.

We spill out of the chute at the top of a huge bowl. The snow is easy—one or two inches of sun-softened corn over a crust that still holds—and I can swing down the bowl's sides almost without thought. The sun is bright and the air is still cool. Halfway through the descent the four members of our party—Schmuck, a young Salzburg surgeon named Albert Hagermoser, Photographer Del Mulkey and I—pull up together on a broad rise of snow. We are all grinning, laughing aloud. Someone says, "Magnificent! Glorious!" There is a feeling, too openhearted to be smugness, that of all the places to be in the world at this precise instant we have picked the right one.

Toward the end of the four-kilometer run, well past the point at which the big bowl has become a valley, the snow changes. First it becomes breakable crust, then deep mush. I am too tired and too new to deep-snow skiing to handle it well, I take several foolish, squashy falls. No matter, the day has taken an irreversible turn toward magnificence.

The valley's tailing of snow runs for a few hundred meters beside a stream. We stop, drink and move on, the snow now ragged and thin, interrupted by tree roots and patches of moss sprouting white snow roses. At last our trail is nothing but gravel and pine cones, a pleasant walk for summer tourists.

We shoulder our skis another kilometer into a bright mountain town called Champex. It is 9:30 in the morning. By 10 we are sitting by a small lake in a restaurant garden, drinking *Radiesrössli*—a mixture of beer and lemonade flavored by racing cyclists and other desperate sorts—and eating a healthy breakfast of steak, fried eggs, French fries, salad and coffee.

Alpenists first tried to find a high road across the Alps in 1842, and the greater part of the trek now accepted as the classic Haute Route was first traversed by French skiers from Chamonix in 1903. The trail rarely dips below 8,200 feet, and only twice does it drop down as far as the highest Alpine meadows. Once

continued

is at Zermatt, and here the descent is optional. A skier could brouhah high above Zermatt's clean beds and cheese fondue, but after a week or more in the snowfields it would be the act of an insane man.

The other descent is not a matter of choice. From Champex, where we are eating our midmorning steak, to a mountain village named Bourg-St-Pierre, where the snow resumes, there is a stretch of lowland to be crossed. It is about 25 kilometers wide and cannot be circumvented. A purist might march down the road from Champex, traverse the valley and slog up the road to Bourg-St-Pierre. But Alpinists are not so fond of pointless exertion as flatlanders imagine. We take a taxi.

At Orsières, a valley midpoint, we buy provisions. Swiss Alpine Club huts are spaced a day's travel apart along our route, and hot meals are available in some of them. It is never certain which huts have food, however, nor is there any guarantee in the high mountains that weather will hold long enough for climbers to reach the hut they set out for. The trek to Zermatt, our next break in the tour, takes four days at best, and we buy food to stretch for five. Any hot food we find will be welcome, but we have enough to make it on our own.

We divide the provisions among the four rucksacks: tea, a kilo of sugar lumps, sausage, a chunk of bacon, a dozen packets of dried soup, a couple of small sausages, a big piece of mountain cheese, chocolate and a couple of big, heavy cans of ravioli to be carried for one climb and eaten the first night.

Next morning, at 5 a.m., it is cloudy as we leave the Calix station, where we have spent the night. Within half an hour it is raining lightly. It is still raining as we reach the snow line and change to skis and climbing skins, but after another 20 minutes we move into a fall of aimless, soggy snow. We have been climbing in the quiet air of a narrow valley, but as we reach the exposed upper slopes a gusting wind snags at loose bits of gear. The trail steepens. An hour's climb above, skiers are strung along a series of angling switchbacks laced high across a headwall. They are moving very slowly.

I may be hardening; today it has taken me longer to fade. But I am tired now, and climbing has become sickeningly hard work. Skis and skins are nearly always awkward. In hard, crusted snow the bristly fibers of the skins do not bite, and the climber slips. In the wet snow we have today traction is good, but great clots of snow stick to the skis,

and at each step I lift extra kilos. I begin to rest on each tack of a switchback, then more often. Someone feeds me raisins, and I resent it when he accepts my offer of some fruit juice. There is not much juice left, and thirst frightens me.

Five minutes later I make a bad mistake. I have stopped again to rest, and I drop my mittens on the snow so that I can hunt in my pockets for a piece of candy. The wind gusts, and one mitten begins rolling slowly, then fast, down the headwall. After about 40 meters, the gust loses interest and the mitten stops. I shuck my pack, and ski after it. My luck holds; I have no spare mittens, but I find this one before the wind does. As I catch my breath and read myself a lecture on not being more of an idiot than is absolutely necessary, a climber above me loses his balance as he leans over to fix his climbing skins. He falls and spins down the snow wall on his slick nylon parka for at least 60 meters before he can dig in a ski pole and stop himself. One ski breaks its safety strap and slides on by itself for a few meters and then, contrary to ski behavior, stops.

At the top of a six-hour climb, at about 10,000 feet, is the Vahorey Hut. It is a squat cube of granite—no more than 20 feet long, wide or high—tucked in under the shoulder of a massif called the Combin de Mettin. The hut has two rooms. The upper room is a dormitory, with three lagers. The lower room contains a wood stove, a sink and two tables.

The hut was built in the '20s, and it was intended to be a refuge for no more than 25 or 30 climbers. Now, at 11 in the morning, every square foot of lager is covered with exhausted climbers. Dump bodies sag beside the wood stove. There are 45 people in the hut, and more are struggling up the headwall behind me.

Someone makes room at a table. Marcus, who reached the hut an hour ago, hands me a bowl of tea. Later there is soup. After that I put my head on the table and sleep. The afternoon passes faster than might be imagined in drowsing, tea drinking and talk. There are three or four French climbers and two Americans, but most of the talk is in the soft German of Austria and Bavaria. A Bavarian named Max yells out, in heavy dialect, "What are we?" Four other Bavarians, all from Max's



PAUSING TO REFRESH, GUIDE SCHMUCK AND AUTHOR SKOW SHARE "KRAFTBRÜHE"

continued

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1

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home town of Kelheim, yell back, "Healthy are we!" The exchange is roared twice more, and then all the Kelheimers together yell, "Lord, we are healthy!" Much laughter and foot stamping from everyone. The cheerfully nitwitted beerhall toast becomes a battle cry—a bottle cry when there is beer—for the dozen or 15 of us who go on to finish the Haute Route together. Its self-mockery seems appropriate.

At 2 the next morning, when we hope to start climbing, there is a full blizzard blowing through the dormitory's open windows. Everyone waits for Marcus, the most experienced Alpinist in the hut, to say the obvious. He says it. "Not possible." Again we lever ourselves into position and sleep.

Two days later. We have not moved a meter from the Valsorey lagers. The big storm has blown itself out, but so much new, unstable snow hangs on the steep sides of the Combin de Metin that avalanches are a certainty. There is no question of going over the Combin, and there is no way around it. Until the new snow slides safely down we are stuck.

That afternoon Marcus and I ski back down to the valley for provisions, trailing the long red strings that will help rescuers find us if we are caught in an avalanche.

We hike back up the next morning. Every few minutes now from the high cliffs comes the great boom of an avalanche. It is a commanding sound. Marcus, who knows as much about avalanches as any man in the Alps, looks up like any beginner to watch the thundering fall of snow and rock. Even here on the slopes below the hut the snow is touchy. In the last hour of the climb a small avalanche, perhaps 15 meters wide, rumbles by a few inches from my ski tips.

Next morning we pack and head up the Combin de Metin. But it won't go. A huge lip of snow hangs over the route we must take. It is large enough to bury a locomotive. We start back down, carrying our skis. I fall and start sliding, and Marcus, climbing down ahead by no coincidence at all, pivots and fields me. He is about the right size and build; he would have made a good second baseman.

One more day, our fifth in captivity. The great snow overhang still refuses

to fall. There are 18 of us still left at Valsorey, and we begin talking idly about how it would be nice to have a helicopter. The talk turns serious. At 8:10 a.m. Marcus skis down alone to arrange it.

The day is spectacular: hot sun and a clear view for a hundred kilometers. We take off our shirts, stamp out a landing pad below the hut and stack skis and packs beside it.

Then gloom. By 11 it is clear that a cloud bank in the valley is rising fast. In half an hour there are patchy clouds overhead, and by noon we are fogged in. The sun appears and vanishes again several times during the afternoon, but only optimists expect to see the helicopter. By 3:30 there are no more optimists. We carry the skis and packs back to the hut.

At 4:15 a great shout. Against all odds the helicopter is landing. Everyone halloo down to the copter, skis dragging, packs slung by one strap. The pilot signals. Seven people, no equipment. Seven of us jostle into the machine. We swing down a valley, up over a pass, through a gap between two gaudy towers of rock and land on a glacier after three minutes in the air. We jump out like a guerrilla team, running bent over under the blades, into the clean snow.

Nearly an hour and a half later we are still there. The clouds have caught us. The copter has been able to bring one more load of skiers, but our skis and rucksacks, with our food, extra clothes and emergency-shelter sacks are still stacked in the snow at Valsorey. The temperature has dropped noticeably since we arrived.

It is nearly 6 p.m. when the copter is heard again. It makes one pass, another, then lands. Marcus ducks out. He has come from the valley, not from Valsorey, which is completely weathered in.

Marcus says, quite cheerfully, that we will bivouac. We explore, and find a 30-foot-deep hollow in the lee of a cathedral-size rock. Marcus draws lines on the snow floor of the hollow. Using his skis—the only pair we have—we slice building blocks from the snow. Walls rise. A tricky part: the arched doorway. Now, after 12 men and two women have worked for an hour, the roof-wedge-shaped blocks and deft coordination between the inside and outside crews. It holds. We have an igloo about 12 feet long, six feet wide and six feet high. As

we refine the interior furniture—a snow bench faced with upside-down skis—there is yelling outside. The copter is back, carrying skis and rucksacks in a cargo sling. Cheers.

At about 8:20 we crawl into the igloo, cook tea and Ovaltine and pass around bits of chocolate and cheese. There are five of us in our end of the igloo, layered with a space blanket and nylon bivouac shelters. The sleeping technique is to sit shoulder to shoulder and sag forward, held from collapse by the same arch principle that supports the igloo. It works imperfectly, but a stupor that is almost sleep sets in, and two hours pass. Then a general restlessness spreads over the igloo, and everyone sits up, grunts, does what stretching is possible and eats candy. The igloo roof is melting slightly; the inside temperature must be a few degrees above freezing.

Feet are cold now, and the stupor comes less easily. I look at my watch every 45 minutes, then every 15. At 2:15 everyone is still alive, unfrozen and cheerful, or nearly so, but we have had enough. We heat more tea, chew bacon and cheese and squirm out the igloo crawlway into the chill. In another five minutes we are on skis, ghosting down the glacier by starlight.

There is a 9½-hour forced march into Zermatt, over three passes, with four of the highest and hardest hours spent in a wild, eye-stinging snowstorm. But the descent past the snow line to Zermatt becomes a serene walking tour through Z'mutt, a tiny village of log houses that cannot have looked different centuries ago. Sweet springwater flows through a field of mountain flowers.

Then over the Adler—a pass at 3,802 meters nearly as high as the Grossglockner, the highest mountain in Austria—and down. A long, white-hot run to the Brianna Hut, eyes smarting from the noon sun.

Overnight, then down the last time, an hour's easy swing to Saas-Fee. One more huge outdoor breakfast in a hotel garden, with two waitresses running for more eggs and ham and more beer. The Kelheimers are there, too, and someone says, "What are we?" No one yells the response. We are all cheerful and pleased to be done with a hard 14 days, but the impulse to howl about our good health has stayed behind somewhere, up above 3,000 meters. **END**

1977 Pianist **Rainey Lewis** was advised by his astrologer not to attend the Cubs' home opener, but Lewis decided to go anyway. So on the way to Wrigley Field he was involved in an automobile accident, after he got there somebody lifted his wallet and, finally, reaching for a first-aid kit he suffered a jammed finger. At least he now knows he's got a good astrologer.

• "If he had been the first man to walk on the moon, it would have been all over," claims **Tom Brookshier**, a former roommate of Apollo 13 Astronaut **John Swigert** at the University of Colorado, where both played football. Brookshier, at wingback and Swigert (No. 62, *below*) at guard. "He would have left those big prints of his up there and God Almighty, the Russians would have given up," Brookshier, who went on to play defensive back for the Philadelphia Eagles, adds. "He had no natural ability, none. But he never made a mistake, and he never got hurt. He never hacked away. He always negated his man."



Brookshier, amazed that the Air Force allowed Swigert to pass his physical, recalls. "He had to learn to cup his arches. He spent hours cupping his arches. If he walked across the shower room he left footprints that

scared you. They didn't look human." Despite his funny-looking prints, Swigert had the right spirit even then. Brookshier remembers a ride in an old Piper Cub. "He took his hand off the stick and let us blow around like a leaf. I almost expired, but he laughed like hell. He loved it."

• **Willie Mays** hit that 600th homer last fall, but "400 Days" was held this spring, at Candlestick Park, and Horace Stoneham gave Willie a golf cart with his number on it. "I wonder," Willie said in his acceptance speech, if Mr. Stoneham is trying to tell me something.

You can add **Medcalf Grant** to the growing list of singers dined in by our national anthem. Medcalf was chosen to sing it before the A's home opener against Milwaukee, only to be accused afterward by teammate **Reggie Jackson** of mispronouncing some of the words, to say nothing of singing them off-key. Medcalf brushed this off by observing, "Man, you have no appreciation of music," but Jackson, backed by an A's kangaroo court, made a second charge stick. Grant had publicly embarrassed the team, Jackson said, by reneging on a promise to have three lovely ladies accompany him in *The Star-Spangled Banner*. Medcalf pleaded that it wasn't his fault; somebody had forgotten to leave the lovely ladies' tickets at the pressgate, but he was found guilty as charged and fined \$1.

"When I was 17 I began working on the race track for the paper that's just how, as a young kid, you get started." This particular young kid happens to have been **Jerry Rubin**, of the Chicago Seven, who did get started at the Cincinnati *Poor & Times-Star* doing sports statistics and occasional assignments. His big story is generally



considered to have been a piece on **Claude Oster**, breaking the news of the pitcher's signing with the Reds. "I just remember him," says Oster, "as an ever-ready, normal sports reporter." Rubin stuck with the fourth estate for four years. "When I went to college I was still interested, I still wanted to be a newspaperman," he says. "What happened is that I was invited to do straight reporting, and it was sort of like a life decision. I just decided that people working on newspapers were really bored with their work. There was no freedom, you couldn't really be an artist." So Rubin split and went into another line of job work, but he still drops in at the *Poor* from time to time. Editor Joe Quinn recalled him last week with affection. "He kind of grows on you," he said, adding, however, "Of course, plenty of people around here don't think things are so great. But they don't all go out and grow hair."

Nevada Governor **Paul Laxalt** received a letter from conservative-minded students at **Reno** High protesting the design upon the state's great seal. This depicts, among other things, a

shuffled, incriminating and, yes, even, both bulking black snakes into the presumably pure view of Nevada, with a legend that reads "All For Our Country." The students felt that "All" really ought not to include our gold miners, but Laxalt says temperately, "While the desire for clean air is universal, changing the history of the boom days of Nevada's famed Comstock Lode as portrayed on the state's great seal will not accomplish this. In fact, I would rather have it remain as it is, as a permanent reminder from the past of what we must do to control air pollution in the future."

Comedian **Jackie Mason**, one of the group of show-business people that has announced its interest in purchasing the Jets, explained his own feelings at some length in a recent interview. "I don't consider myself the world's greatest expert on football," he was quoted as saying. "I don't want power over anyone. But I would love to be able to go to a game where no one would tell me where to sit, and where I didn't have to worry about getting a ticket. And I would love to see every game for nothing. To me that's very important."

Start the Race Right.

If the starting line is crowded and confused, you may do well to cross down wind of the pack. The few yards farther you are from the mark are often made up by having a clear wind and an unobstructed course.



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By 1952, we'd made over 100 million house calls.

By 1953, Visiting Nurse Associations had taken over from us in the field of nursing. Leaving us free to tackle other problems in the field of health.

This year, for example, we're working with a large medical center to investigate ways of holding down the cost of medical care, without cutting down the personal attention a doctor gives his patients.

As a life insurance company, we want people to live. And as human beings, we want even more for them to live in health.



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We sell life insurance.
But our business is life.



Milwaukee is falling in love quietly this time

The wild enthusiasm that sustained the Braves in the 1950s is long gone, but the city that lost and regained big-league ball seems to have in 1970 a more mature affection for its newly arrived Brewers

Ray Jackson is again redecorating his restaurant across the street from the access road leading to Gate One at Milwaukee County Stadium. During the 13 seasons the Braves played in Milwaukee and drew the highest attendance in baseball, more fans belled up to Jackson's bar before games than any other watering hole in town. In those days the place was festooned with players' autographs mounted in neat, framed plaques, caps arranged to show the standings in the National League and miscellaneous baseball paraphernalia. After the Braves moved to Atlanta in 1965, Jackson, like many Milwaukeeans, became disgusted not only with the

Braves but baseball as well. Down came the old decor and up went murals of geisha and can-can girls. The patronage settled down to a tame, more profitable dinner-time trade.

Three weeks ago, after five years of false hopes and repeated frustrations, baseball abruptly returned to Milwaukee in the form of a new team called the Brewers (nee Seattle Pilots). Ray Jackson and, apparently, the rest of Milwaukee quickly forgot their disgruntlement. By the start of the team's second home stand last week, plaques were back on the walls and caps were on the pegs. Not only had baseball come back, but excitement over the game had come with it. To old hands who remembered long lines of snake dancers weaving down Wisconsin Avenue celebrating the arrival of the Braves in 1953, the welcome for the Brewers seemed remarkably subdued, but the reticence appeared to indicate greater sophistication rather than less enthusiasm. "Instead of screaming and yelling, they're picking up the telephone and calling the ticket office," said a Brewers' official.

After a winter-long succession of starts and stops and a court action or two, the announcement of the transfer was made just a week before Opening Day. Ticket sales for the first game—to be played on a Tuesday—began on the Friday previous, and even though the only ticket outlets in the city were the mobbed windows at County Stadium, an impressive crowd of 37,237 attended. In the first 10 days of season-ticket sales, the Brewers sold over 4,000, nearly double the Braves' total in their first year.

"People who said they'd never go to a baseball game again have bought six or eight season tickets. They actually went down and stood on line to buy them," says Ray Jackson, who estimates he missed only 10 of the games the Braves played in Milwaukee and now has a season seat for the Brewers. "I got angry at the Braves. I got very mad at base-

ball. But I doubt that these guys will ever leave here and I think the public agrees with me. It's great to have a team again."

Convincing the fans that the team is here to stay was one of the main objectives of the Brewers' ownership, which is a group formed five years ago to lobby for a new Milwaukee team. Unlike the Braves, who were always controlled by absentee owners, the Brewers' stock is held almost exclusively by Wisconsin citizens. In the best deal since the Brinks robbery, the team has signed a 25-year lease for County Stadium at \$1 a year (for years in which attendance does not exceed 1 million). One of the main reasons for the Braves' departure, a lucrative television contract in Atlanta that covered stations all over the Southeast, has been neutralized. Schlitz beer, which can hardly object to players running around with Milwaukee on their hats and Brewers written across their chest, has underwritten a five-year, \$1.2 million-a-season radio and TV package.

In contrast to the Braves, who were an established club when they arrived in Milwaukee in 1953, the Brewers are a second-year expansion team whose greatest hope this year is merely to get out of the cellar, to which they established squatters' rights last year (and in which they were resting after 10 games this season). "We've openly told the fans not to expect too much," says Brewers President Bud Selig, a local Ford dealer who is baseball's youngest chief executive at 35. "That's why I feel the attitude now is better for us than it would have been if we had received the same reception the Braves did. There is something of a long-range, healthier feeling—no hysteria but deep enthusiasm. The town is going to have to grow with the team. They'll have to adopt new heroes and enjoy watching them develop."

A large number have already picked a player to watch. Surprisingly, in the second week of the season, the Brewers



HERO WALTON AND YOUTHFUL FANS

had the top men in the league in hitting, RBIs and home runs. Outfielder Steve Hovley, a 24-year-old graduate in history from Stanford, whacked line drives to all fields for his .436 average, but he was still playing second man to 22-year-old Leftfielder Danny Walton, the early leader in homers (4) and RBIs (13). Walton, who was the Minor League Player of the Year last season after hitting 25 home runs and driving in 119 runs at Oklahoma City, played only 23 games for Seattle late in 1969 and batted .217, but even so a special cheering section turned up to greet him at the airport carrying a "Dangerous Danny" banner. They were holdovers from the Rico Carty Fan Club, college and high school students who frequented the left-field bleachers and cheered Carty through long home runs and egregious fielding blunders during the Braves' final two seasons. When Walton strikes out he receives a standing ovation, just as he does when he hits a home run or simply trots to his position. "I didn't expect anything like this," Walton says. "They made me so nervous the first day it made the butterflies in my stomach feel like turkeys."

Walton did two things, aside from hitting those early homers, that endeared him to his new fans. First, he acknowledged their cheers on Opening Day by waving and giving the peace sign. Then he declared that his childhood idol was Eddie Mathews, who was the Braves' first Milwaukee hero when he arrived there in 1953 and led the league with 47 home runs. "Boy," says Walton, "47 taters and he was only 21. Wouldn't it be great to do something like that?"

It might be more than the young County Stadium bleacherettes could stand. They were out in force again last week, stripped to the waist and guzzling beer and cheering during one game played in balmy 70° weather, and wrapped in blankets, guzzling beer with perhaps a side order or two of brandy and cheering during another when it was a marrow-curdling 36°. The revival of the student interest in baseball, so evident the past few years at Boston's Fenway Park, may be catching on in Milwaukee.

"The college kids can sit in the bleachers and drink beer and yell and scream at a baseball game," says Bill Kraus, a 24-year-old bartender at Someplace Else, a downtown singles hangout. "They can't do that at football because to get tick-

continued

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OFF
THE
TEE

BASEBALL

ets to the Packer games here you have to know somebody. And there will be more kids out there soon because a lot of them have midterm exams now and everybody is pretty hung up on watching the Bucks in the NBA playoffs.

Although the last-minute transfer caused problems for some of the players, notably First Baseman Mike Hegan, who believed the American League when it said the team would remain in Seattle and bought a house there in which he has never lived and now never will, the move to Milwaukee was conducted with startling smoothness. There even has been time to work out a few promotions, and on May 14 the hated Atlanta Braves will come to Milwaukee for an exhibition game. Despite Ray Jackson sneering that "Bill Bartholomay [Braves' president] better not come here with them," County Stadium will be packed. Henry Aaron, who at that time will be just short of or just past his 3,000th hit, will be coming back, and it is clear that Milwaukee could never be so angry with the Braves that it would not want to come out and see Henry again.

THE WEEK

by HAROLD PETERSON

NL EAST

ST. LOUIS won seven of its first nine games. Richie Allen started with four home runs and 10 RBIs. Mike Torres beat Montreal twice, once on a one-hitter, and new Cardinal Jose Cardenal was hitting .436. After batting .109 as a team and losing three of its first four games, CHICAGO won five in a row. It took a bit of chewing and wiggling in the beginning of the streak—the first four victories were by one run—but the fifth win was an 8-1 romp. Jim Hickman (.385) hit safely in nine straight games, inimitable Ernie Banks was batting .344 and Billy Williams—zero for 19 at the start—went on a more usual six-for-seven streak. Has anyone thought of giving all those young NEW YORK pitchers a saliva test? After Tom Seaver shut out the Phils, Nolan Ryan, the Mets' No. 5 starter, looked not quite real as he set Philadelphia down 7-0 on a one-hitter, striking out 15 men. That made five straight times over two seasons that the Mets had shut out the Phils. Willie Stargell, whose fried-chicken emporium gives away a free fork every time the boss hits a home run, fell on evil times. With a three-porthole av-

erage after 20 at bats, Willie ordered his hen house to dispense free cats for any kind of hit. It worked twice, but then Stargell reverted to one for 27 and was seen perched on the bench. His replacement, Bob Robertson, was impressive. The Mets' Ron Taylor, remembering that he had embarrassed Robertson with a curve Opening Day, tried another as his first pitch. Robertson, waiting, attacked it over the fence to set up an extra-inning win. MILWAUKEE's youngsters suffered seven straight losses and 64 consecutive innings without even holding the lead, but new Manager Frank Lucchesi wasn't yanking his slumping kids. "There are too many flippin' managers who give up on young ballplayers too early," he said. Richie Allen pounded a homer to aid in one of MILWAUKEE's defeats. Said Manager Gene Mauch, "There are two things you don't want to give Allen. One's a high fast ball. The other's a fast high ball."

ST. L. 7-2; CHIC. 8-3; PITT. 9-4;
NY 2-8; PHIL. 4-8; MONT. 5-8

NL WEST

CINCINNATI sprang off to an 11-4 record on its usual good hitting and surprisingly sound pitching, though neither. Jim Maloney tore his Achilles' tendon. He won't be back till September, if then. (Holding out this spring, Maloney rejected a contract based on the number of innings he would pitch, settling for a flat salary and no raise instead.) Don Gullett, in his first major league decision, came in for Maloney and won, yielding no runs in five innings. Wayne Simpson won his third straight by one-hitting the Giants 6-0. Simpson had allowed seven hits and one run in 25 innings for a 0.36 ERA. Consistently the world's best hitting second-place ball club, SAN FRANCISCO (.293 as a team) had three men at the very top of the National League averages—men whose names are household words, like Ken Henderson, Alan Gallagher and Dick Dietz, but all seven San Francisco victories (in 14 games) were achieved by coming from behind. Twenty-five home runs were hit in the first nine games in the Astrodome, and only 90 had been hit there in 81 games all last year. HOUSTON hit most of them (13). The management was kept busy painting toy cannons (for Jim Wynn) and red roomers (for Doug Rader) on far-out seats. Most people suspected that the experimental ball was somehow involved, but Tommy Davis had another notion. "Watch this," he said, tossing some Astrodome dirt into the Astrodome air. Grains drifted toward the pitcher's mound. "There's a breeze in here now, and it blows toward the outfield." Along with worrying about Ron Reed's broken collarbone and Cecil Upshaw's nearly severed finger, ATLANTA can start fretting about Phil Niekro's knuckles.

Last year's 23-game winner was this year's three-game loser. Nicksa fluttered away a 4-1 lead in the unfrightening Padres, and the whole staff floundered as the Braves fell to 5-7. Nate Colbert had five homers and 12 RBIs in 5-8 SAN DIEGO's first 10 games. Vitamin C itself in the grapefruit league, LOS ANGELES developed scurvy in regular-season play. The Dodgers lost seven of 10 before knocking off Atlanta twice.

GIHN 15-4 HOUS 7-3 SF 7-7
LA 5-7 ATL 5-7 SD 5-2

AL EAST

Mickey Lolich pricked three straight "opening" games for OMAHA and completed his first four starts, serving up sliders and pizza (he had slices with pepperoni delivered to the locker room). Lolich also stole third base. Stealing third base is uncommon for pitchers, especially those who like pizza and beer. Who was that other guy who used to pitch for Detroit? Dave McNally, the man the BALTIMORE Orioles call Super Tarpon, showed how he earned his nickname by getting off the hook twice, he was 3-0 for the season. Tom Phoebus pitched a two-hitter the third consecutive year he's opened with a two-hitter, but because of the way open dates fell in the early schedule Baltimore planned to go with a three-man rotation. Wondering what he had to do to start regularly, Phoebus fretted, "Maybe I shouldn't have let them get the two hits in the same inning." Then rain spun Earl Weaver's carefully planned rotation into a tizzy, and Phoebus was as happy as the rest of the fast-starting Orioles, too, stood 5-5 after 10 games, and two of the wins belonged to retired skier Jim Lomberg. Southpaw Ken Brett and ex-White Sox star Gary Peters pitched strongly, too, but Second Baseman Mike Andrews and Third Baseman Luis Abarado weren't hitting worth beans. Down in Winter Haven screaming Jose Santiago and lockabralical 1969 Rookie of the Year Mike Nagy were trying to work their way off the sick list and the black list, respectively. Ted Williams' 10 assists, 10 Senators were hitting more than 100 points below their spring-training average. Cleanup man Ken McMullen was batting .200, and only three Senators were above .250. Dick Bosman, the league's ERA leader in 1969, was as bad as the hitters. Bosman walked only one man per five innings last year; this season he walked 19 in 16 1/3 innings. The Senators considered themselves lucky to be 4-4 and unimpeached. Last year CHICAGO won only one of its first 16 games. Three out of the first nine this time looked like sunshine, particularly when Second Baseman Vern Filler was in bed with bronchitis, Tony Horton's back was hurting and injured Ken Harrelson was not even around. New Outfielder Roy Fowler, an ex-Met farmhand, did sheer brade-

continued

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BASEBALL

groom Dark with eight hits in 18 at bats. The finest New York Yankee team of the 1970s broke the Orioles' three-game losing streak the day after snapping its own. The New Yorkers stayed among the major league stragglers in winning percentage (.500), hitting (.217) and keeping fans off the field.

DET 7-2 BAL 7-4 BOST 5-5
WASH 4-4 CLEV 3-6 NY 4-6

AL WEST

Brant Alton, who got whitewashed a lot for the Senators, came up for Minnesota with the bases loaded at California and cleaned the clock. The Twins scored eight runs in the inning and won 8-2. (Alton, playing part-time, poked up three homers and 11 RBIs.) Next game, fans were certain Bill Rigney had gone out of his head when he benched Rick Reese to put up scrub Rick Remick at third base. Naturally, Remick waped out Oakland 7-5 with another grand slam. Eight men on three Minnesota roster were hitting over .300, yet the Angels were proud of their littlest hit. A 1-2 victory over Minnesota was won on a two-out squeeze bunt, and the man squeezed in was Catcher Joe Arcene. Sandy Alomar laid down the bunt merely because he thought he could beat out a hit with Harmon Killebrew playing third. Much to Alomar's surprise, here came Arcene, like a truck with leaky air brakes picking up speed on a downgrade (Oakland's Reggie Jackson, batting well under .300, struck out three times in one game and was booed). "They'll be cheering when I get my 400th home run," Jackson said. With Sal Bando and Carney Carrpanzano both sidelined by leg injuries, who were the A's only one game under .500 after 11 games? Partly because Felipe Alou and Rick Mondas decided that since they were on base all the time (Alon was hitting .300, Mondas .425), they had to pull some old tricks to relieve the tedium. With Mondas on third and Alon on first, Jackson feebly popped up behind third. Alon raced for second after the catch, Third Baseman Bill Melton took the bait by trying to throw him out, and Mondas came in to score. KANSAS CITY Manager Charlie Metro had an unusual complaint. "My pitchers are getting too much rest," he said. But Metro had a point. The Royals got on a plane to the Twin Cities, had a whole series snowed out and got back on the plane for home. You do lose a little of your control when you have eight and nine days between starts. CUBS WAR WOKER Jeneck won two games and a lot of converts. Jeneck takes wheat germ pills, liver pills and vitamin capsules. He also runs three miles and does 70 push-ups. By the end of the week 20 of the losing White Sox were taking tablets, too. All that MILWAUKEE's green Brewers got was a lot of bad hops.

MINN 6-2 CAL 7-4 KC 5-5
OAK 5-6 CHI 4-6 MIL 3-7

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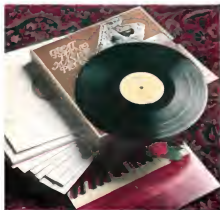
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Shake before swinging

Standing on a tee during a recent tournament in Florida, I began to laugh when I overheard a spectator comment on one of my playing partners as he prepared to hit his drive. "Why," he said, "you'd think he was dancing in a chorus line." What the man in the gallery meant was that my partner, like all good players, was going through a series of wiggles and waggles at the tee. But there was nothing funny about it, since these movements are an indispensable element of a good golfer's game.

There is no way you can hit a ball if you address it in a taut, tense, stiff way. A golfer must keep his body in motion during his address if he expects to hit a decent shot. Most pros have their own ritual for loosening up. I start by slumping my shoulders naturally and working them around until they feel comfortable. Next I flex my knees, making certain there is no tension in my legs. Then I wiggle my hips to loosen them up. All this time I am wagging the club itself. The waggle relieves any tension in my hands, and it also creates a definite feel for the club head. I remain in motion until the instant I start the club on the back-swing. Only then do I firm myself and move into my swing.

FRANCIS GILBERT





ADAM WALTZ FINDS THREE-TIME NCAA CHAMPION LARRY HAYES IN SEMIFINAL MATCH

Down with masked villains!

And up with true-blue professional collegiate wrestling! It was a great idea, but the people stayed away in droves in Allentown, Pa. last week

Last week 408 people attended the birth of "professional collegiate wrestling" in a high-school gym in Allentown, Pa. The idea was to present 20 ex-college stars, half of them former NCAA champions, in an honest, no-kidding, true-blue tournament. No dwarfs, perfumed locks, tag teams, masked villains or Argentina Rocca dropkicks (in which the kicker stands stock still, jaw extended, for what has got to be a minute). In pro wrestling lingo, the contestants would be "shooting" rather than "working."

A new outfit called the National Wrestling Confederation put on the show, and it was a pretty good one, but the gate for the afternoon and evening sessions was only \$2,720, just about equal to Bruno Sammartino's daily meal allowance. The NWC dropped around \$8,000.

One unforeseen difficulty, according to the promoter, New Yorker Andy Fitch, 33, a former 115-pound NCAA champion at Yale, was that the Pennsylvania trout season opened the day of the tournament and thousands of wrestling fans were ostensibly standing in halibut brooks. But that may have been the least of his problems. Fitch hadn't even been able to get the name he wanted for his organization. "Association" can only be used by nonprofit groups in New York, he was told. "Alliance" and a lot of other catchy words were taken, so he had to settle for "Confederation." Lehigh University and East Stroudsburg State wouldn't let their gyms be used, so Fitch settled for Rockne Hall, Central Catholic High. At least he was in the Lehigh Valley, one of the hotbeds of wrestling in the U.S.

Then came complying with the regulations of the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission. Fitch had to put up a \$3,000 performance bond, \$50 for a promoter's license, \$200 for wrestlers' licenses, \$75 for referees' licenses and \$75 for a commission-approved doctor. The refs and the wrestlers also had to be fingerprinted by the state police.

All this plus prize money, rent, insurance, about \$2,700 in transportation, meal money, ticket and program printing and \$600 in phone calls pushed the nut up to \$11,900.

Then there were the injuries. Doug Blubaugh, a 1960 Olympic champion, got hurt for the first time since winning his gold medal, and the best drawing card was gone. His first replacement hurt an ankle, the second hurt a knee. Ex-NCAA champ Wayne Boyd from Temple University hurt an elbow. Fitch made him the announcer (\$15 license fee).

More "The mail strike caught us the precise day we were about to send out the first big publicity release," said Fitch. "For more than a week we were immobilized, reduced to telephone communication with the wrestlers and coaches, and no communication at all with prospective spectators." He advertised in Lehigh Valley newspapers. The *Bethlehem Globe-Times* ran the ad at the bottom of a page filled almost entirely with suggested trout-fishing sites.

Henry Littlefield, NWC vice president and an assistant dean at Amherst, was convinced that the Mafia, or whoever was behind phony pro wrestling, would strongly disapprove of the Allentown venture. He decided to call up a Midwest promoter he had once met and ask him to assure the higher-ups that the NWC was out to capture a different sort of audience. It would not be a rival. Much less so, in fact, than the Roller Derby.

"Look, we grossed \$40,000 last night," the promoter told Littlefield. "Monday will be slow and we'll gross \$20,000. Henry, you don't worry us."

Nevertheless, Andy, Henry and their associates make that confederates—were convinced that legit pro wrestling using modified college rules had potential. "It's one of the fastest-growing high-school and college sports in the country," said Fitch. "There are more than a quarter of a million participants, all

with parents, roommates, friends and girl friends. Many great wrestlers go into coaching as the only way to earn a living from their skills. There is no reason young coaches should not be able to remain active competitors.

"By the fall of 1971, hopefully, we will organize a National Wrestling League along the lines of the NFL, NBA and NHL, with teams in six or eight cities. Competition would be for a national team championship, with a tournament at the end of the season to determine individual national champions.

"The success of this tournament will breed other tournaments, and with them more and bigger prizes. And top wrestlers who eventually sign with teams will be able to earn a fair living like most pro athletes."

The tournament did turn out to be successful as far as entertainment went. A gymnasium full of noisy rooters would have made it more successful. So would a ring bigger than 28 feet in diameter—it was too easy for a man in trouble to get out of the circle and stop the action. The Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission, while insisting on its 5' of the gross, waived the requirement for ring ropes. Maybe it shouldn't have.

The afternoon preliminary bouts provided some surprises. One of them was that the four heavyweights wrestled first. Normally they go last. "All my life I've wanted to see the heavyweights go first," said Fitch, who, at 5'4", wouldn't have to bend over to put a hammerlock on a mouse.

Heavyweight Bill Smith, 41, 1952 Olympic gold-medal winner, was defeated 3-0 by Rich Schumacher out of East Stroudsburg. Three-time NCAA champ Larry Hayes from Jessup, Iowa, was punned by Adam Waltz, the wrestling coach at Renovo (Pa.) High. Two-time NCAA champ Dave Auble of Ithaca, N.Y., wrestling in the 135-pound class, lost in overtime to Bob Guzzo of Canton, N.Y.

Only about 300 people were in the stands for the afternoon bouts. Many had complained that \$8 was too much to pay for the two sessions (it was \$6 for students and coaches). At first the NWC insisted that fans who only wanted to come Saturday night still had to pay full price. That policy was changed



PROMOTER ANDY FITCH WAS BIG LOSER; BOB FEHRS WAS BIG WINNER, WITH \$1,000

when the early ticket-sale figures came in. Enthusiastic high-school coaches who had thought they could peddle 20 or 30 tickets came to Fitch's room and sheepishly admitted they had sold two.

"It's a shame to have this quality card wrestling before a half-empty house," said Fitch. "I wish I didn't have to keep writing checks so I could watch the bouts myself."

"Other than the Olympic Trials, a field like this has never been assembled before," said Lehigh Coach Thad Turner.

Most of the finals were excellent. In the 150-pound class, Bill Stuart, a medical student at the University of Maryland, wrestled even with Waltz for two periods, then tore him up in the third, 12-1. In the 165-pound class, where all four men were ex-NCAA champions, Attorney Greg Ruth of Norman, Okla., beat Bob Kopinsky, the plebe coach at Navy, 10-4. The best match of all was between Guzzo and Harvard Assistant Coach Bob Fehrs in the 135-pound class. They finished the third period tied 6-6, Fehrs winning in overtime 4-1.

When he was at Michigan, Fehrs was runner-up three times in the NCAA championships. Mike Caruso, who beat

him each time, was a spectator Saturday, having turned down an invitation to participate.

So it was fun, but will it replace Boho Brazil? Not for a long time, and probably never as a team sport. With lower prices, better gymnasiums, larger rings and more experienced promoters, and using a tournament format, it might do well in wrestling-happy places like Waterloo, Iowa, Oklahoma City and Bethlehem, Pa., then, perhaps, catch on in bigger cities.

Because so few people were anxious to "be on hand for the birth of real professional wrestling," Fitch had to chop the prize money from \$1,000 to \$500 for first, \$500 to \$250 for second and \$250 to \$100 for third. Sportade (an imitator of Gatorade) donated \$500 for the outstanding-wrestler award. This was won by Fehrs, who thus went back to Harvard with \$1,000, which was \$1,000 more than he had ever made wrestling. For that matter, it may well be the only \$1,000 he'll ever make wrestling in or out of the trout season, with mail delivery twice a day and with a free double truck ad in the *Bethlehem Globe-Times*. **END**

Bucking up the Pakistanis

Imported from Asia by Texans, black buck antelope have flourished here. Now 10 have gone back to help restore the Pakistani herd

About the last place anyone might expect to come across a herd of Indian black buck antelope is in New York City, but last week 10 of the animals showed up at J.F.K. International Airport. While representatives of the New York Zoological Society looked on, the antelope, in their wooden crates, were transferred from one airliner to another before embarking on the final stages of a 15,000 mile journey halfway around the world.

Such a journey in itself is no longer a matter of news. Ever since Benjamin Franklin's son-in-law brought the first English ringneck pheasants into the country almost two centuries ago, there has been a steady influx of foreign fauna. In the last several decades so many species of exotic game—as such imports are called—have been introduced into the U.S. that certain areas of the Southwest look more like Africa and Asia.

What makes last week's shipment of black bucks news is that the animals were not being imported but exported. In a unique turnabout the black bucks were being sent from Texas back to West Pakistan, where once they were familiar natives and from where, in recent years, they have disappeared. For the first time in the history of modern game management, transplanted animals, several generations removed from their native land, were being returned to it in an effort to repopulate.

The black buck (*Antelope cervicapra*) is perhaps the most beautiful of all the world's antelope. Its striking color and handsome head make it one of the sportsman's most coveted trophies. When young its coat is a yellowish fawn, and the doe remains this color. But as the buck matures, its coat darkens to a lustrous velvety black, the darkness accentuated by the contrast of pure white chest and undersides.

It is an elegant creature, slight of build (the adult buck weighs about 90 pounds and stands 32 inches at the shoulder)

and graceful in its movements. When alarmed it leaps and bounds into the air much the way the impala does, but it can run much faster than the impala or any other antelope. The late E. P. Gee, India's most famous naturalist, wrote of black bucks as "the fastest creatures in the world on four legs."

A plains and open-country animal, this antelope was at one time among the most numerous in India, and black buck hunting with tame cheetahs was a favorite sport of the old maharajas. The cheetah, too, was once common in the country, and the Mogul Emperor Akbar is reported to have kept 1,000 tame

cheetahs at his palace for hunting. According to Gee, the Indian cheetah was a better hunter than the African animal. But, wrote Gee in his *The Wild Life of India*, "a cheetah was not as fast as black buck really, and could only catch them in the initial spurt."

Today the cheetah is extinct in India, and poaching and the pressures of human population have almost eliminated the black buck from its native range. But while the black buck has steadily decreased or disappeared altogether from its normal habitat, it has increased with remarkable vitality in the New World.

Black bucks were first introduced into the U.S., other than as zoo imports, in 1915 by a Texas rancher named Richard Friedrich. Because the antelope adapted so well to the climate and geography of the area, they were an instant success. Soon they were the favorite exotic import on ranches throughout the Southwest and today there are some 6,000 of them in Texas alone, considerably more than have managed to survive in all of India. Zoos now look



A STRUGGLING BLACK BUCK DOE STARTS HER JOURNEY BACK TO THE OLD COUNTRY

to the Southwest, not Asia, when they need specimens.

What is more, in Texas it is still possible to add a black buck to one's trophy collection. In India the hunting season has been closed for several years. The hunting in Texas is, of course, on private ranches and for a fee that generally runs about \$500 per head. But the heads are well worth the price. On Louis and Ed Stumberg's Patio Ranch near Hunt, where Friedrich, the original owner, freed the first black bucks and where more than a dozen generations of animals have been produced since, numerous record-class heads wander around in the brush.

"We have one big buck," Louis Stumberg says, "that we have not been able to snare or trap no matter how hard we try. He is just so elusive and smart that we cannot track him down. But from the few fast looks I have had at him through glasses, I would say that he probably has as big a head as exists anywhere in the world today. That is a real trophy, but you will have to take my word for it as I am not about to kill him just to measure it."

There are black buck heads almost as fine on many other ranches in Texas, including Charley Schreiner III's Y O Ranch near Kerrville and Frank Huntress, Guajolote Ranch near Boerne. Last year, in order to round out an impressive collection of game that included almost every major species in Europe and Asia, Nicholas Franco, a nephew of Spain's Generalissimo, flew to Texas to try for a black buck at the Y O Ranch. According to Franco, the head he took was considerably better than any he had seen in India before or after the season was closed.

The idea of reestablishing the black buck in at least part of its original range was a mutual effort involving cooperation—and, perhaps even more important, imagination—on three continents. The pilot work was done by Val Lehmann of King Ranch and Wilbur Matthews of San Antonio, with help from the San Antonio Zoological Society. Their program called for 12 antelope, which were recruited from various ranches with thriving black buck populations. Harry Jersig donated five females and one male from his Auerhahn Ranch in Boerne. Bruno Schulz contributed two males and two females from his Take-It-Easy Ranch in Kerrville. Two additional

females came off the ranch of Hal Bradford in Rocksprings.

The San Antonio Zoo, third largest in the nation, agreed to hold the animals in a specially built enclosure while they underwent an observation period and various preshipment tests. King Ranch provided individual custom-built crates for the journey, and a group of cowboys rounded up the skittish animals and put them into the crates. For one afternoon last week this phase of Operation Black Buck took on all the appearances of a full-scale rodeo, with antelope leaping and kicking and cowboys twirling lassos in every direction. In the process two of the females dropped calves and so were themselves dropped from the project.

To cover the cost of the flight of the remaining 10 black bucks from Texas to Pakistan, Game Com International paid the \$1,900 tab. On the other side of the ocean, the World Wildlife Fund handled arrangements for transshipment on the final leg from Frankfurt to Lahore. When the animals finally arrived early last week in Lahore—in excellent condition—their treatment was strictly VIP. General Agha Mohammed Yahya Khan, President of Pakistan, was expected to look at the animals and direct their transfer to the Lal Suhanra Wildlife Sanctuary near Bahawalpur.

This 52,900-acre sanctuary was established in 1968 at the specific urging of Prince Bernhard of The Netherlands, president of the World Wildlife Fund, International and long an impassioned champion of conservation. For the present, the black bucks will live in a large enclosure under the supervision of Pakistani sanctuary officials. It is hoped that in the years to come these animals will become the nucleus of a breeding herd that will eventually repopulate the sanctuary and then the country. The enclosure, the food and the water facilities provided for them at Bahawalpur represent a large gift from the people of Holland who, like their prince, have made the cause of the world's wildlife their own.

It will be years before the outcome of Operation Black Buck can be determined, but even at this early date it is clear that the project represents a giant step in progressive game management. For the U.S., it may prove to be the first step toward making this country a modern Noah's Ark for the world's vanishing wildlife.

END

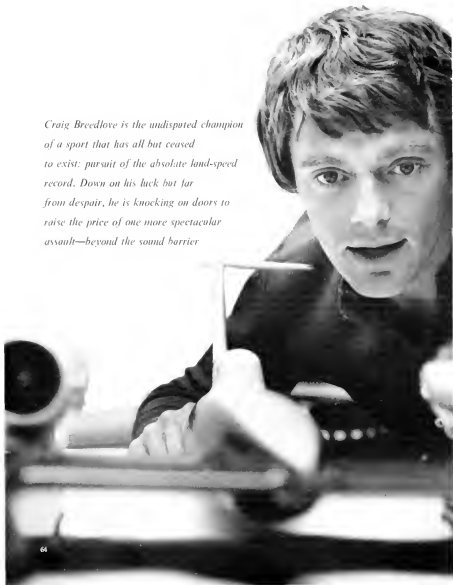
Bold new Brut for men. By Fabergé.

**If you have
any doubts
about yourself,
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For after shave, after shower,
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Craig Breedlove is the undisputed champion of a sport that has all but ceased to exist: pursuit of the absolute land-speed record. Down on his luck but far from despair, he is knocking on doors to raise the price of one more spectacular assault—beyond the sound barrier





A Speed King Without A Kingdom

by **JERRY KIRSHENBAUM**

CONTINUED

The automobile that a wry fate has lately pressed upon Craig Breedlove, one far removed from the gleaming speed machines he favors, is a battered 1956 Buick that set him back \$100 when he bought it a year ago. The Buick leaks gas fumes, it lurches at the slightest touch of the brakes and reverse is no more. "I wouldn't want to push it much more than 45, maybe 50 at the outside," Breedlove says. Worst of all, whenever he shuts off the ignition the car maddeningly goes on shaking, much as a chicken continues to twitch after its head has been cut off.

As might be expected, Breedlove has difficulty identifying with a clunker like that. Parking it on a recent afternoon at one of those sprawling California shopping centers, he got out and began skulking away, hoping that nobody would link him with the car, which was going through its usual convulsions. No such luck. "Hey, master," a passerby called in a voice that carried across the busy parking lot. "You left your motor running." As he hurried on, a chagrined Breedlove made a mental note to borrow his girl friend Cheryl's car, a sensible late-model Volkswagen, the next time he had to go anywhere. "That Buick doesn't do much for a guy's morale, let me tell you," he said unhappily.

Nothing could give Breedlove's morale a bigger lift than the chance to streak at preposterous speeds again across the Bonneville Salt Flats, something he last did on Nov. 15, 1965, the day he navigated his jet-powered *Spirit of America Some I* through Bonneville's official clocks at 600.601 mph. It was the absolute land-speed record then, and it still is. Owing largely to a lack of competition, there has been little call for Breedlove's services since. That has left the once and, he would like to think, future king of flat-out speed in the singular position of reigning over a sport that has, in effect, ceased to exist.

As if the hardships of technological unemployment were not enough, Breedlove has had to endure an Iliadic suc-

cession of other business and personal misadventures. To fully appreciate his dilemma, one must reflect that he was once worth something like \$250,000, that he took his leisure by the swimming pool of a beautiful home in the hilly Los Angeles suburb of Palos Verdes, that he received fan mail worshipfully addressed to THE FASTEST MAN ON WHEELS, U.S.A. But all that is ancient history, like two years ago. He now lives above his garage in the industrial flats of Torrance, down below those same Palos Verdes hills. He is deep in debt. The letters the postman brings today are rather more sparing in their adulation:

Dear Mr. Breedlove:

So you're the famous automobile racer who likes to drive so fast? Well, let's see how fast you can drive over here to pay this bill . . .

Buoyant and surprisingly equable in the face of adversity, the object of those greetings is a slightly built man of 33 with the elfin good looks and shaggy

hair of a pop-rock star. Only his blue eyes, wearier and more deeply set than most, suggest the extent of his recent tribulations. "It's like little pieces of the ceiling keep falling on you," he says, but instead of standing around waiting for the rest of the ceiling to fall, he is now plotting the boldest and bravest of comebacks. If successful, it will make Breedlove, the ex-fireman who overnight became one of sport's glamour boys, seem even more of a Hollywood product than he already does (and which, as the son of a motion picture special-effects man and an ex-show girl, he literally is).

By his own scenario, Breedlove will build a rocket-powered car called *Spirit of America Some II* (his last car, he reckons, is obsolete) and, some time next year, drive it through the sound barrier, which at Bonneville would require a speed of about 740 mph. As the car accelerates through the measured mile in less than five seconds, there will be high suspense. Will it disintegrate under the sonic buffeting? Will it go airborne? Neither, mercifully. The run over, a smiling Craig Breedlove steps triumphantly out into the bright glare of publicity. A whirlwind of endorsements, personal appearances and business opportunities reap him a titful of dollars.

But wait, there is a little more footage on the reel. In a kind of epilogue, Breedlove also breaks the speed record for wheel-driven cars. Though that mark is a relatively poky 409.277 mph, there are purists who regard only wheel-driven vehicles as true automobiles and dismiss jet and rocket machines as weird aberrations of the traditional land-speed calling. Breedlove sees himself breaking that record in nothing less than the costliest car ever built, the late Donald Campbell's controversial \$4 million *Bluebird*. Oh, what a lovely flick.

The whole production figures to cost at least \$350,000 of somebody else's money—\$250,000 to build and campaign the rocket car, \$100,000 to dust off and race *Bluebird*. In quest of a corporate angel to foot the bill, Breedlove has been dickering with companies in soft drinks,



Gary Gabrelitz will drive car Craig rejected.



The late Donald Campbell, shown here with Tony and "Bluebird," was "like a father" to Breedlove. Craig hopes to race "Bluebird" himself

wristwatches, car rentals and publishing. So far there has been one note of progress. TRW, Inc., designer of the Apollo lunar-module descent rocket engine, has shown some interest in Breedlove—and has a liquid-fuel engine with 35,000 pounds of thrust that could make his supersonic car the most powerful ever to attack the land-speed record.

Coming up with a sponsor may be trickier. While the land-speed record can be a public-relations bonanza (Goodyear, a chief sponsor of both of the jet cars Breedlove has built and raced, gleefully counted up 10,000 magazine and newspaper plugs after his 600-mph run) few companies, especially in this period of tight money, have \$350,000 lying about to throw into so risky a venture. In the specific case of Goodyear, there is the added consideration that Breedlove—and by extension, the company—already holds the record, which, it is

felt, would make a new assault a redundancy. "Any time we want to publicize or talk about the land-speed record, we can do it already," says Bill Newkirk, a Goodyear public-relations man. "Why do we need a new record?"

Without question, Breedlove would stand a better chance of flushing out a sponsor if somebody else broke, or at least tried to break, his record. The last time anyone so much as made the effort was in late 1966, when Ohioan Art Arfons cracked up his jet-powered *Green Monster* and was lucky to get out alive. Such are the pains and perils of straightaway speed that Breedlove's mark not only has gone unbroken since then, it has gone uncontested as well.

Now there are signs that things may be heating up at last, and Breedlove welcomes them. "Without competition it's not much of a sport," he said at lunch one day not long ago in a seafood res-

taurant by the Pacific. "Competition is what you need to create public interest and excitement." The lunch crowd had melted into the afternoon, but Breedlove, at ease in a fawn turtleneck and brown bell-bottoms, had no job to hurry back to so he ordered another Coors beer. "Nothing could get me a sponsor quicker than if somebody broke my record. Everybody's welcome—as long as they leave the sound barrier to me."

Some of the current activity is taking place in the Soviet Union, where construction is under way on a 5,000-hp gas-turbine car that the Russians are said to be pointing toward a 620-mph record next year. Though talk has always outstripped performance in Soviet auto racing (the Red speed record is a mere 250 mph), the very mention of a Russian bid had the ubiquitous Andy Granatelli revving up his mimeograph machine. If the Russians should do 620, Granatelli

continued



Breedlove sits on wheel cover of 500-mph jet racer after plunge into a Bonneville canal.

tells solemnly pledges, he will build a jet car "to bring the world record back to America."

Meanwhile there are a couple of new American land-speed vehicles already in the running. One is Art Arfons' latest *Green Mower*, a jet car that the Akron speed merchant financed largely out of his own pocket; he has prospered lately on the drag-racing circuit. But Arfons has run into sponsorship problems almost as frustrating as Breedlove's. One trouble is that Firestone, which underwrote Arfons' previous Bonneville campaigns and still employs him for promotional work, has withdrawn from the absolute land-speed business.

That puts Arfons in the position of having to seek not only another sponsor but also some other source of tires. In spinning his advances Firestone professes to have Arfons' best interests at heart. "It's not the cost," insists Bill McCreary (the company's racing chief). "It's just that after Art's last experience on the flats [the 1966 accident] we aren't going to gamble on his life again."

As Arfons ponders his next move, the car that stands the best chance of get-

ting to Bonneville this year is *The Blue Flame*, a rocket-powered entry sponsored by the natural-gas industry. Like Arfons' jet racer and Breedlove's proposed rocket car, *The Blue Flame* is designed to break not only the absolute record but also the sound barrier. Construction has run a year behind schedule, and at least \$100,000 more than the budget (originally \$250,000), but the car is now virtually completed. It will be unveiled at a press conference in Houston next week, and the first subsonic tests are due this summer. The man behind the wheel when *The Blue Flame* finally blasts off will be Breedlove's friend and fellow Californian, Gary Gabelich, who races boats as well as cars; he holds an unofficial quarter-mile drag-boat record of 200.4 mph.

Before Gabelich was chosen, Breedlove was approached about driving *The Blue Flame* but could not agree to terms. One sticky point was money, another his assistance on maintaining firm control over the engineering. An automotive wizard whose formal education ended with high school, Breedlove is touchy about college-trained engineers, some of

whom tend to look down their educated noses at hot rodders like himself.

"I know how to build a car for Bonneville, because I've done it before," he says in a rare flash of anger. "All that wind-tunnel data is fine, but it can sometimes produce errors, and the faster you go the faster those errors are multiplied. Since I'm the one who has to sit in the thing, I want a voice in how to build it. Who needs *The Blue Flame*? I'll put together my own deal like before."

A variety of upheavals in Breedlove's personal affairs has complicated matters considerably. He has suffered a string of financial setbacks, including the failure, at a loss of \$78,000, of a tire dealership he held in Torrance. Even more costly were the floods that devastated Southern California early last year. Breedlove's garage was inundated, and \$100,000 worth of automotive parts and machinery were ruined. Then there were the strains, emotional as well as financial, of Craig's three burned-out marriages, two of which failed days apart.

The first marriage, which gave Breedlove three children by the time he was 20, ended in divorce a decade ago. Two years ago he split with his second wife Lee, who was also his racing partner, having sat prettily behind the wheel of *Spirit of America Some I* to claim the women's speed record of 308.56. By virtue of that feat, Lee was cofeatured with Craig in a documentary on ABC-TV. "This is the story of a man and a woman..." the film began, but by the time it ran in mid-1968 (winning an Emmy nomination), the man and woman had already gone their separate ways.

Craig went to Las Vegas for the divorce, where he was "lonely and disoriented." The day it came through he married a blonde model he had met several weeks before. That marriage fell apart within two weeks after the newlyweds returned to Los Angeles. Looking back, Breedlove says sheepishly, "It's like the man said after he took off his clothes and jumped into the cactus: 'It seemed like a good idea at the time.'"

"Craig is too open and trusting," says Lynn Garrison, his business agent for the past six months, a high-powered promoter who talks aggressively of setting

continued



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modestly priced
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Pontiac's New T-37 Hardtop. (The white beauty shown left.) Believe it or not, this brand-new Pontiac is one of the lowest priced hardtops on the market. Who'd ever guess? And that's the beauty of it. There's enough sports-car look and feel here to keep the nosiest neighbor guessing. And to make you forget you got T-37 for such a low price.

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And all this time everyone else has been trying to convince you that low-priced cars have to be meek and mild. This one is a Pontiac, remember. So all that sports-oriented equipment shouldn't come as any great surprise. Nor should any of T-37's other non-low-price touches like a hidden radio antenna, protective steel beams in the doors, and patterned-cloth and vinyl upholstery.

No, T-37 is not your average low-priced car. It's built by people who take the fun of driving seriously. Too seriously to let economy spoil all the fun.



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stop it. And a new front stabilizer bar combined with a wider Wide-Track shows curves and corners who's boss.

Then there's the Endura front end. Just to refresh your memory, Endura is a tough rubber-like substance that gives this bumper "bounce." So it can resist dings and dents. And Endura is immune to rust.

Inside Firebird, there's the same kind of common-sense approach to sport. Those bucket-type rear seats make the back of a Firebird more comfortable than the back of a typical sports car. But they do more. The space between them allowed us to raise the drive tunnel. This gives the suspension more room to react to bumps. The ride that results is what you'd expect from a big car. Not a sports car.

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"When I let
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doesn't come
out with it"

Lee plays with Faultless golf balls and clubs

SPEED KING continued

up charitable foundations and speed shops in Breedlove's name. In the meantime Craig has whittled away at his debts with income from property he has somehow managed to hang onto, from fees for personal appearances at auto shows and the like and from selling such possessions as a late-model Mustang and a pickup truck. One conveyance he has not disposed of, a curious indulgence for a man who drives a 1956 Buick, is the Cessna Cardinal he flies for rest and relaxation from the battles of daily life. It is an \$18,000 plane on which he still owes \$12,000 in payments.

If nothing else, Breedlove's recent troubles have acquainted him with the facts of real life, as opposed to the charmed one he formerly led. The first incarnation constitutes one of auto racing's favorite legends: the story of how Breedlove, a 22-year-old fireman in Costa Mesa, Calif., paid \$500 for a surplus J-47 jet engine; how he built his first car, the three-wheeled *Spirit of America*, in his father's garage ("It's my hobby," he said breezily when neighbors complained of the noise); how he met Lee and, quitting the fire department to work full time on the racer, lived off her earnings as a carhop at a Los Angeles drive-in.

In light of his present dilemma, the most compelling part of the legend is the way Breedlove brazenly approached Goodyear and Shell Oil in 1963 and talked them into backing his seemingly quixotic scheme. The land-speed record then stood at 394.196—it had been set by Britain's John Cobb way back in 1947—and Breedlove, shades of Andy Granatelli, vowed, "I'm going to bring it back to America."

The timing could hardly have been better. As suggested by the recent dearth of competition, business at Bonneville has been highly cyclical. In the early 1960s a pride of other drivers—including Donald Campbell, Walt and Art Arfons and Mickey Thompson—also emerged in pursuit of Cobb's record. More than any of the others, destiny's choice as the foil for Breedlove's feats was Campbell, the world's leading water-speed man and son of the legendary Sir Malcolm Campbell, who had been the

fastest man on land and sea in the 1920s and 1930s.

Breedlove, the young upstart, *lizzed* in his first Bonneville run in 1962, then returned the next year to drive his three-wheeler at 407.45, easily eclipsing Cobb's mark. Meanwhile, Campbell, the wealthy sportsman for whom 60-odd British companies had built *Bluebird* as virtually a national crusade, was washed out by floodwaters in Australia. With British prestige supposedly at stake, there were black suggestions among his countrymen that Campbell, who had survived a wicked accident at Bonneville in 1960, had mislaid his nerve. When Breedlove stopped off in England during a world tour following his Bonneville assault, Campbell, having returned from Australia, threw a party at his country home in Surrey in the Californian's honor.

The gesture caught Breedlove by surprise. "I couldn't believe he would have a party for me after I'd broken the record," Craig says. "What was more amazing, he invited the press, even after the way they'd all been down on him and comparing him with me. And you know? In five minutes Campbell had the press falling all over him. He turned on the charm and started telling some of those

great stories of his. And, hey, he was just as gracious as could be toward me. I was afraid he'd look down his nose, or resent me, but he was just as gracious as could be."

The next summer, returning to Australia, Campbell ran *Bluebird* at 403.1, which stood as the mark for wheel-driven cars only until Californian Bob Sumners claimed the record in *Goldwood* the following year. By that time the jet exploits of Breedlove and Art Arfons had reduced wheel-driven cars to minor league status. Already the first to reach 400 mph, Breedlove also became the first at 500, wrecking his three-wheeler in the process, and, as we have seen, the first and only man to break the 600-mph barrier in the four-wheel *Sonir I*.

As the speeds increased, so did the dangers and, inevitably, the pressures to go faster still. Those pressures may have expressed themselves subconsciously that day in 1964 when Breedlove destroyed his three-wheel jet. After *Spirit* flashed through the measured mile on its return trip of the two required for an official record, its safety chutes ripped off, the brakes melted away and *Spirit* knocked over a telephone pole before finally hurtling into a canal 18 feet

deep. Drenched but virtually unscathed, Breedlove climbed out of the cockpit and giddily declared: "And now for my next act I'm going to set myself on fire."

In calmer moments Craig likens his line of work to "walking out on a limb to see how far you can go without breaking it and then retreating just in time." To cope with the fear he has felt, at one point he visited a psychiatrist.

"I didn't even know what a psychiatrist was," he says. "I thought he could give me a mental exercise, some little trick to perform to help me handle my fear. Instead, he started explaining what the ego was and told me I was competing with my father and that I had a hostility to women. We went on that way for three visits and this guy was having a field day with me. Finally I said, 'Hey, wonderful, but what about my fear?' He told me my fear was the only thing he found normal about me, and that he wouldn't disturb it. I stopped seeing him."

There were pressures at work on Donald Campbell, too. Following the debacle with *Bluebird*, Campbell announced plans to build a jet car capable of speeds up to 840 mph. After their first meeting in Surrey, he paid Breed-

continued



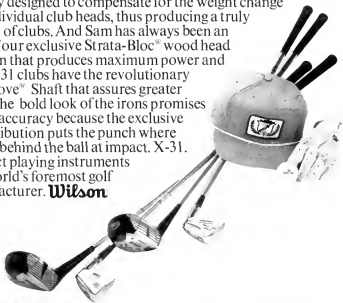
In 1965 Breedlove used this formidable missile past the 600-mph mark—and found himself unemployed for lack of roads in the speed game.



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SPEED KING

love several visits in Los Angeles, during which the two men endlessly discussed the perils of both supercar speed and the faster sex ("The only trouble with women is other women," Campbell declared while sipping Mai Tars at Trader Vic's). But support for Campbell's supersonic car never came, and it was partly to redeem himself that the Englishman went back to the water in an attempt to beat his own record.

Listening to the radio in the kitchen of his Palos Verdes home one January evening in 1967, Craig Breedlove heard the news that Donald Campbell had been killed when his boat, also called *Bluebird*, crashed on England's Lake Coniston. Breedlove tried to imagine himself sitting in that boat, then numbly sent a cable of condolence to Campbell's widow, Tonia.

Last spring Breedlove was a guest on a morning TV show in Los Angeles. Another guest was Belgian-born Tonia Bern Campbell, a cabaret singer who had resumed her career after her husband's death. After the show, Breedlove asked a question: "Hey, whatever happened to *Bluebird*?"

Told that the car was on display in a small museum in Suffolk, he shook his head sadly. "It's a sin for a magnificent machine like that to just sit around," he said.

At Tonia's suggestion, Breedlove scraped together the fare and off he flew last fall to England, where he negotiated with the trustees of Campbell's estate for permission to drive *Bluebird*. Visiting the museum, he climbed into the car with the eagerness of a schoolboy inspecting his first bicycle. Soon afterward the automobile was moved to a garage near London for shipment to the U.S.—as soon as Breedlove could come up with a sponsor. The British press reported that *Bluebird* would fly again, but there was no word on who the mystery driver might be.

Not one to shy from tampering with a car just because \$4 million and the wisdom and energy of several dozen companies have gone into it, Breedlove believes that with modifications *Bluebird* is capable of 475 mph. One change he has in mind is to move the driver's cock-

pit farther to the rear, an alteration that struck him as essential when he sat in the car in the museum. "I couldn't believe how far forward Campbell had been sitting," he muses. "Up there you don't feel what's going on because the skating and fishtailing all take place in the rear. What surprises me is that Donald could have driven like that at any speed."

Breedlove unblushingly describes Campbell as "son of a father to me," and it is a fascinating coincidence that the two shared the same birthday, March 23. As he awaits the revival of the sport in which they competed, Breedlove professes to have learned a valuable lesson from his friend's life and death. "I don't intend to see how far I can push myself, the way Donald did," he said one afternoon as he leafed casually through a sheaf of rocket-car designs piled on a drawing board in his quarters above the garage. "All I want is to break the sound barrier. Then I'll retire. I'm going to get myself a dog and go run along the beach with him. I'll let somebody else break 1,000."

At another moment, to be sure, Breedlove hedged on that vow, saying: "Of course, I couldn't very well quit on the job. I mean, if I went 760, say, and somebody else turned around and went 820, well..." But on that particular day, thumbing through his designs, he was preoccupied above all with the more immediate question of how he would get his supersonic car off the drawing board and *Bluebird* out of that garage in England. In the next room, behind a desk where in better days a full-time secretary worked, Craig's girl Cheryl, a fetching Continental Air Lines stewardess and the owner of the trusty Volkswagen, quietly attended to some hacked-up paperwork.

Turning at last from the drawing board, Breedlove brightened. "Sooner or later I'm sure I'll come up with a sponsor," he said. "I figure if I can risk my life, somebody else will come along and risk the money." He paused to reflect on what he had just said, then drew his features into an expression of mock pain. "Hey, that's what you call looking at the bright side of things," he said cheerfully.

END

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8N2 BILL MAZIEROSKI Phil.

8N3 GENE ALLEY Pittsburgh

9N1 MIKE McDORMACK S.F.

9N2 WILLIE MAYS S.F.

9N3 WILLIE McCOY S.F.

9N4 JUAN MARICHAL S.F.

10N3 BOB GIBSON St. Louis

10N4 LOU BROCK St. Louis

1A1 BROOKS ROBINSON Balt.

1A2 FRANK ROBINSON Balt.

2A1 CARL YASTROEMSKI Balt.

2A2 JIM LONGBOROUGH Boston

2A3 TONY CONGLIARDI Bos.

2A4 REGGIE SMITH Boston

3A3 JIM FERGUSON Calif.

3A3 RICK REICHARDT Calif.

4A3 JOEL HORLEN Chicago

4A2 TOMMY JOHN Chicago

5A1 MAX ALVIS Cleveland

6A1 AL KALINE Detroit

6A2 BILL FREDMAN Detroit

6A3 EARL WILSON Detroit

6A4 BERRY MCLEAN Detroit

7A1 HARRISON KALLICREW Minnesota

7A2 CESAR TOWER Minn.

7A3 TONY OLIVA Minn.

8A3 RICKER MANTLE N.Y.

8A2 MEL STOTTLEMYRE N.Y.

9A1 RICK MONDAY Oakland

9A2 CAMMY CAMPANERIS Oakland

9A3 REGGIE JACKSON Oak.

10A1 PAUL CASANDRA Wash.

10A2 FRANK HOWARD Wash.

Best Fielder in the Crowd

Back when a lost ball meant the profit on three admissions, it took real skill to grab a foul hit into the grandstand by TOM EDWARDS

Baseball historians pride themselves on their thoroughness. But, even during the centennial year of the national pastime, they have left unnoticed and unrecorded one record set in those first 10 decades that still stands today, unannounced by asterisk.

Record: most times outwitted ball chaser (one season)—24 Held by Bud R. 1947. Pueblo (Colo.) Dodgers, Western League.

The year that record was set was the year the Pueblo Dodgers were going to open their first season in Big Ed Johnson's new Western League as a farm club for Branch Rickey's Brooklyn team of the same name. Mr. Rickey had even sent along a young man who he felt someday might become a big league manager, one Walter Alston.

But the Pueblo Dodgers had something else besides a working agreement with the Brooklyn team and Walter Alston. They also had a part-time general manager who was not only a sports enthusiast but also a sound businessman. Neal Hobbs knew that the price of a new baseball cost him about what he took in by selling three general-admission adult tickets, and, if the Pueblo franchise was going to survive, it would do so as a result of selling tickets and conserving baseballs. He may not have invented the ball chaser, but he sure perfected the profession.

The ball chaser's job was simple. It consisted of chasing all foul balls hit out of the playing field, retrieving them and turning them back into the general manager's office where they could be rubbed down again and given to the umpires to be put back into play. Hobbs had enlisted no less than six ball chasers to patrol the Dodgers' Runyon Field, renamed that year for the journalist who, though he made his mark writing of Broadway, had started his career at the local Pueblo newspaper. It was to this field that Jody, Jack, myself and, of course, record-setting Bud went to challenge them that first week of the inaugural season.

We stood together at the top of the first-base bleachers on the first day, the four of us intent on the action taking place down on the field. But, by the end of the fourth inning, Bud's interest in the ball game had waned. Or, rather, his interest had shifted to another area. He followed each foul ball hit into or over the stands with growing intensity,

watched as the blue-jacketed ball chasers trotted out to retrieve it. As the sixth inning ended, Bud walked down to ground level, not saying a word, and took a position at the break of the aisleway which separated the grandstand from the bleachers, not six feet from one of the ball chasers.

It happened when the second hitter of the inning was at bat. He took one ball, then a called strike. He oversung on the third pitch and lifted a high foul that was coming back over our heads; the catcher did not even remove his mask it was so far out of play. As it reached its peak, the three of us who remained in the stands glanced down as one to see the ball chasers start to trot out toward the parking lot. They never had a chance.

Bud must have broken at the crack of the bat. And, because we had hunted rabbit with him with .22 rifles, we knew what kind of eye he had. But, what he was about to do was even better than all those hunting trips on which he had never failed to bring down a cottontail on the run. Without even looking back he had covered between 30 and 40 yards just as the ball hit an asphalt walkway a few yards ahead of him. It bounced just once high and came down softly in his hands. He hadn't even broken stride. From the top of the bleachers we knew that his next move was critical. If he pulled up now and turned he would see those two ball chasers, both now running at full speed, 10 yards away and closing fast. But Bud didn't even falter. He just ran down the walkway, through the ticket gate and out onto C Street. We had walked up C Street about a block and a half when he stepped out of the shadows, fell right into step beside us and grinned wide as he rubbed that new Spaulding for all it was worth.

It was a full week before we went back to Runyon Field on the final night of the Dodgers' first home stand. But it hadn't been a wasted week. We had used

it to lay some well-thought-out plans. I was to sit on top of the rail at the back of the third-base bleachers; Jody would cover first base. Jack would be at the rear of the grandstand. Bud himself would stay down below and play the hitters, shifting from the left to the right. He had determined the most foul balls would be hit to the opposite field.

The first batter up, a left-hander, lifted a high foul over my head, just as Bud had said a left-hander should do. I whirled on that rail, grabbing to catch myself from falling over the edge. I looked down and saw the ball hit just inside the fence which separated the back of the bleachers from the railroad yard. Presently, a ball chaser trotted over and picked up the ball. Turning back to the playing field, I could see Bud standing just where he had stood before the ball was hit. He glanced up and nodded his head sideways. It had been unplayable. I admitted to myself that I would have gone for it and, of course, wouldn't have had a chance. But Bud hadn't gone for a bad ball.

He finally picked up another chance in the bottom of the third. This one was hit to Jody's side, but it was falling short. It would land in the stands. Just as it was coming down, and just as two ball chasers were beginning to walk nonchalantly up the stairs of the bleachers and just as the P.A. announcer was getting ready to make his announcement that the person in the stands who came up with the baseball could turn it in to the ball chaser and receive two free tickets to a future Dodger game, just at that moment I glanced and saw Bud slip down underneath the bleachers. The ball came down in the crowd but they all missed it, and after a short hop the people and the chasers looked around. The ball chasers stood there for a moment, turned and trotted back down the stairs and around the side of the bleachers. Just as they went underneath, I could see a stirring in the crowd where the

continued

ball had hit. Bud's head materialized first, then his body, and by the time he was walking back up toward Jody, both Jack and I were on our way toward them. Even when we sat down with them, you really had to look to see the bulge under his shirt which he held firmly with his right arm.

Six more weeks. Six more ball games. Six more new Spaldings. But the job got tougher as each week passed. There were still just the six ball chasers, three down each line, but on our eighth visit to Runyon we passed them on the way into the ball park and one nodded toward us as we did. When Bud took his spot down the first-base line, there was not one ball chaser but two posted near him. When he moved toward third, they both followed him. But he came up with a baseball that night despite the fact that they were double-teaming him. It was a brilliant move. A foul in the top of the fifth was hit right into the middle of the parking lot, bouncing off the bumper of a Plymouth. Bud was there just a few steps ahead of the chasers, and he grabbed the ball just as it slid under a pickup truck. Again, someone else might have just picked up the ball and tried to run for it. But Bud had somehow planned on every eventuality, and he just followed the baseball under the truck. The ball chasers were still looking around and at each other when he came up eight cars away. He came up running and was over the fence which surrounded the ball park in a fashion that would make Dick Fosbury proud. He had to go *over* the fence, because the man at the gate had been told to stop any young huck trying to sneak out of the ball park.

It must have been around the Fourth of July when we started talking in terms of 24 baseballs. From that point it was automatically understood that two dozen was the record that Bud would aim for. He even made preparation. He walked up to the little glass window of the general manager's office and said a few words none of us could hear to the lady inside. She motioned him over to the door and, in a minute, it opened and she handed him two empty boxes. Empty, but very special. They were the boxes that baseballs came in, one dozen to a box. Both were just empty boxes, but at home Bud had enough to fill one of them. By fall the other would be filled.

The Colorado State Fair comes to

Pueblo in late August, and even two dozen baseballs couldn't deter any of us from the fun of sneaking into the rodeo that was the highlight of the fair. When you were 10, even if someone could have given you every single ticket for that rodeo you'd turn them all down and still go over the wall. But those rodeos came at a time which would cut Bud's shot at the ball-stealing record very thin.

Bud needed only three more balls to make his record. Three baseballs with five home games left when the rodeo ended. And three of those games were out because school was starting and they were on school nights. The Dodgers would wind up their first season on Friday and Saturday. So that meant three balls in only two games.

The first on Friday night was easy, almost too easy. Second inning. Ball into the stands. A crazy bounce and it landed in Bud's hands. He hadn't moved a step from his usual post. Two to go.

As was the custom, we gathered together after Bud got the easy one and debated for two innings as to whether he should try for another one that night. By the middle of the fifth he had made his decision and we were back in our regular spots. The second hitter up lofted one deep over my head, way back over the bleachers and into the railroad yard. Bud trotted out of the ball park half-heartedly with a couple of the ball chasers. They spent about five minutes poking around in the tall grass which grew around the freight cars which hadn't been moved for months, finally turning and coming back in. Inside the gate he motioned to each of us, and when we joined him he said simply, "It's hidden." No. 23.

We debated about the last one again, finally deciding Bud would leave the last ball for the last day. We were enjoying the ball game in the ninth inning when the P.A. announcer made the announcement which ruined the whole evening for us. The game the next day would be an afternoon game rather than a night game. Some said it was because it was already turning cold in Colorado that September. Others said it was because the Denver Bears had to travel all the way to Omaha for a Sunday game after meeting the Dodgers. We alone knew that they had pulled the whole thing so that Bud would have to go after No. 24 in broad daylight.

Saturday started out to be a miserable day, a steady drizzle falling throughout the morning, and each of us knew what we dreaded, though none would even talk about it. But paid admissions meant even more to the Dodger management than one baseball meant to us that day. Despite the weather the game started at 2 p.m. There weren't more than 200 people in the stands. Not enough cover to give Bud a shot at any ball hit into the stands.

And the ballplayers' moods seemed to match that of most of the spectators. By the start of the sixth inning there hadn't been a single ball hit out of the playing field. By then we were convinced that all the players were in league with the Dodger management in trying to deny Bud his record. We brood every single ball that was hit solidly into the outfield.

But then the bottom of the sixth came. What happened 23 years ago would be called an instant replay if it happened in these days of television. It was a ball hit almost identically to the one with which Bud had begun his career in April. A lazy, pop foul, drifting slowly over the stands. Bud again off at the crack of the bat. The ball chasers had gained a few steps in those five months. Bud didn't have them by more than a couple of yards when he took it in the first bounce. They were closing on him fast, and he couldn't go for the fence or they would have him dead. The ticket gate lay 20 yards away and dead ahead of him, but it wasn't the empty gate of April. From the stands I could see the ticket taker, feet spread in blocking position. Even from a distance he looked at least 10 feet tall.

It had been a long season and a good season, and Bud wasn't going to be denied. He sprinted until he was within five yards of the man at the ticket gate and, in one movement threw the baseball up over the fence, over the ticket booth, and halfway down C Street. In the instant that the man at the gate turned to follow the path of the ball, Bud was past him. Bud kept running, but the others, the chasers and ticketman, stopped dead. Even before Bud reached the ball, which was lying over in the gutter a half a block down the street, the others knew that they had been beaten. No. 24 was where it belonged, and Bud was in the record books.

Or, at any rate, he should be. **END**



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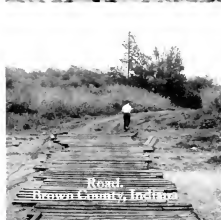
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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

RUG-GED WORLD

Sirs:

I enjoyed your excellent preview of the forthcoming baseball season in the April 13 issue. However, the caption on the cover is incorrect. Instead of reading "The Mets Against the World" it should read "The World Against the Mets." Last season the Mets were against the world. But they have conquered it and are now on top.

GENE WEISBERG

Tappan, N.Y.

Sirs:

How could you possibly pick Houston by using the number of games they won on AstroTurf as the main criterion? You imply that since San Francisco, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Cincinnati are just getting "rugs," Houston will have an advantage over them. Bull! The other teams have played in Houston and they know what it's like. Also, three of the five parks will not be opening until mid-season or later. Most likely, Houston will miss six games in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, possibly more. So the maximum they could play in the East on the new surface is 12 games. In the West, Houston very likely will miss six games in Cincinnati's park. Thus they will only play in 12 rug-surfaced games in the West away from home.

Consequently they will play a maximum of 24 games outside their park on a rug. If you assume that last year's winning percentage at home, .52-.29, or .642, will apply to their road games this year, there will be a maximum of 15 more wins on the road. Considering all the psychological and physical barriers a team has to overcome in order to win on the road, a more realistic figure would be five to 10 extra victories. Take this figure minus last year's record, and they still have only 86 to 91 victories, short of the number needed to win a pennant. You also failed to mention that San Francisco also had a 52-29 home record last year.

It will be a rug-ged task for Houston to win.

JOHN BOAL

Bowling Green, Ohio

Sirs:

Congratulations on having featured Rico Petrocelli's *fielding* in your Boston scouting report. Every fan worthy of the name knows Rico hit 40 homers last year. Though not everyone knows he was second in the league in slugging, ahead of such heroes as Kilcherson, Howard and Powell. But few outside Boston know how superb he can be at field. We take this as your tacit admission (related, but nonetheless graceful) that you blundered last year in calling what's-his-

name from Baltimore the best shortstop in the league.

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON
for The Americo Petrocelli Fan
Club of Western Pennsylvania

Pittsburgh

2,300 FEET MAKE 30 MILES

Sirs:

We would like to reassure Hal Higdon that he needn't be disturbed about being beaten in the Boston Marathon by a runner from Tufts University (*The Marathon* and *Mr. April* 6). Tufts has always been a center for road runners, including marathons. One of the greatest American marathoners, Ted Vogel, who had to give up the pastime (because of business) long before he came close to his peak, ran for Tufts as a matter of fact, while he was still a college student at Tufts. Vogel finished second at the marathon and ahead of the Olympic marathon team—this, at what amounts to the age of preadolescence as most marathoners go.

WALTER H. BRUNT

Moultonboro, N.H.

Sirs:

Hal Higdon mentioned that anyone falling in the Boston Marathon would feel the weight of 2,304 rubber-soled shoes on his back. In the previous paragraph he had mentioned the fact that there were 1,152 entrants ($1,152 \times 2 = 2,304$, brilliant, Hal). But the fact is that he would not feel the weight of his own feet. So, in correcting his error, I would like to tell Mr. Higdon that he can rest more easily: if he had fallen, only 2,302 feet would have trampled him.

JIM BRACKS

Wood-Ridge, N.J.

NEW HEIGHTS

Sirs:

Last month I watched on TV the Jacksonville Open golf tournament at the Hidden Hills CC. The announcer mentioned several times that Hidden Hills was one of the few courses in Florida that has hills. Despite Florida's having a 12-month golf season and a large population, one has to look hard to find any truly great golfers who grew up in that state. How many Florida products have ever won one of the big four titles? Contrast the Florida record with that of Texas or California.

I believe that the failure of Florida-produced golfers to don the mantle of greatness is due mainly to the flat courses prevalent in that state. Through the years all golfing immortals have had to prove themselves repeatedly on hilly fairways. Florida youngsters miss the challenge of learning

to play hilly courses. I have a suggestion that might help to remedy the situation.

The American solid-waste-disposal problem has reached nightmare proportions and is rapidly growing worse. I suggest that solid-sanitary-waste hills be started outside Miami and Tampa. They would be completed as hilly golf courses. These courses would be designed and sculpted exactly to the architect's desired contour. In some cases great golf holes of the world could be duplicated as if poured from a matrix. Florida youngsters, developing their game on such courses, would eventually reach the heights of the Texas and California golfing greats.

ALVIN C. DAILY

Chief
Division of Air Pollution Control
State of Rhode Island

Providence

IMPASSE

Sirs:

Concerning Joseph M. O'Loughlin's letter on the intentional pass (19th HOLE, April 13) and his Catcher's Rule 1970, may I suggest that SI urge its readers to submit changes in existing rules that would enliven the Grand Old Game. For openers, I suggest any one or all three of Reeves Rules: 1) Any runner in scoring position shall advance one base if a batter is walked; 2) A pitcher is allowed only one throw to first in an effort to hold a runner. If a second attempted pick-off is unsuccessful the runner advances; 3) Any pitcher must retire one batter before he is replaced.

MARTIN M. REEVES, M.D.

Lakeland, Fla.

Sirs:

Re the intentional base on balls. In 1969 there were 768 intentional passes in the National League and 668 intentional passes in the American League (total, 1,436). There were 973 games played in each league, for a total of 1,946. Thus we had 738 intentional passes per game, or one intentional pass for every 1.35 games.

Since there were 148,198 appearances at the plate in both leagues during the 1969 season, this means that the percentage of batters who were intentionally walked was .0097 or less than 1%.

JIM GALLAGHER

Office of the Baseball Commissioner
New York City

GRADUATION EXERCISES

Sirs:

Frank Deford's article about the competition between the ABA and the NBA and about the signing of Pete Maravich

continued



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So stop in and see him during National Tavern Month. (It's the month of May.) And while you're there, have a drink of Canadian Club. It's the second most valuable asset in Joe's bar.



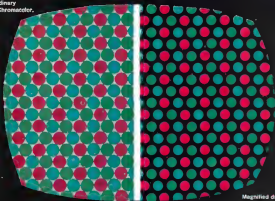
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